HAVE YOU A SCREEN PERSONALITY? Here's How To Tell

MOVIE WEEKLY

APRIL 21, 1923 TEN CENTS

Why I am a One-Man Girl
by MADGE KENNEDY

Would you let your Baby be a Movie Star?

LOIS WILSON

No. 11 **MOVIE WEEKLY** Vol. III
PRINTED IN U. S. A.

A Millionaire Merton of the Movies

Meet Mr. Craig Biddle

Scion of the Philadelphia house of Biddles, and learn how the young heir to millions recently walked out of a classroom in Princeton College and climbed aboard a train for Hollywood, where he has resolved to become a movie actor or starve in the attempt. And then learn how the first thing he did on arriving there was to fall in love with a beautiful screen star.

The true story of Craig Biddle will be in next week's Movie Weekly, and you will know how one rich young man feels to be out on his own with nothing but a camera in front of him and the whole world of screen fame to conquer. It's the sort of thing that many of you have doubtless dreamed of doing yourselves.

Another arresting feature of next week's issue will be the story of how King George of England rebuked Lord and Lady Mountbatten for their rollicking and frolicking with movie stars during their recent visit to California. The royal ire was aroused by the reports of Lord and Lady Mountbatten romping on the Pickford-Fairbanks lawn with Charlie Chaplin.

Still another one hundred per cent news feature will be the story of the Ziegfeld "Follies" going into the movies.

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Other Features

Of exceptional interest to the fan will be "Would You Marry a Movie Star If You Got the Chance," in which the problem is presented from a novel angle.

Vital in value to the older reader as well as to the younger one will be an interview with Hedda Hopper, in which the well-known stage and screen star declares "Early Marriage Will Protect Your Daughter." In terms of honest conviction Miss Hopper declares what she believes is fundamentally wrong with the young people of the present day and urges marriage as the great preventive of greater folly.

The issue of April 28th will, we feel, establish an even better record for reading and pictorial interest than any we have achieved thus far. Making better best is the mark we shoot at, and we are willing to leave it to our readers whether or not we don't generally hit the bulls-eye.

A man recently wrote us a letter in which he said: "I read Movie Weekly because it prints all the news before anyone else does, and not to read it is to be uninformed." Personally we think our correspondent said a pageful. Our only concern is to have you think so, too.

This Week's Cover

Is lovely Lois Wilson, the feminine star of "The Covered Wagon." We join with you in thinking that Miss Wilson is one of the most delightful persons on the screen.

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Are MOVIE ACTORS Artists or Accidents?

Popular young *leading man* discusses *manner* whereby some *screen actors* have acheived *greatness* while *others* have had *greatness* thrust upon *them*

By Gladys Hall

David Powell in a charming scene from *"Glimpses of the Moon,"* with *Rubye de Remer.*

WE SPENT twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four thinking about movie actors the other day. A drain on the emotions, as you will know. There they were, before our bedazzled eyes, a glittering galaxy, a handsome horde . . . tall Tommie Meighan and the charming Barthelmess . . . Valentino and Tony Moreno . . . Conrad Nagel and David Powell. They were there right enough, we know . . . we know . . . But HOW? Are these inheritors of the Roman nose and the Grecian profile, the gladiatorial builds or the seductive Italian fires, are they sired of Adonis and mothered by Divine Art, or are they merely accidents of—well, let us say Nature—or Public Favor. They are much the same.

We have been trained to believe that Art is rare and precious and seldom found. There was only one Bernhardt. Now, then, is it possible to suppose that all of these nagelbarthelmesspowells can verily be artists? They can't ALL be artists. There's a nigger in the woodpile *somewhere*.

And yet, night after night, and day after day, the movie houses are jammed with the folk eating the very films alive. If you happen casually to say to one ardent picture fan, "Ramon Novarro is an artist of the films," you are as apt as not to have the lie thrown in your throat and to hear an outraged voice proclaim, "Dotard, 'tis Moreno who is the artist!" And if, striving to please, you observe to some other chance friend, "Moreno is a marvelous artist," you may emerge with a damaged countenance or be frozen to death by a chill, "Idiot, 'tis Powell who is the artist!" Until distraught, you flee shrieking into the wilderness declaring that they can't ALL be artists. There ain't no such a thing!

The fan magazines bear out the famous fallacy. Year after year girls after girls are employed solely to answer the fan-public such questions as, "What is David Powell's favorite toothpaste, if any?" And such like.

NO. OUR sense of proportion told us that despite Public Favor, all of these Possessors of Perfect Profiles could not be artists. Nor dared we to accept our next assumption—which was that they are *accidents*. "Accidents" has such a haphazard sound, and these movie folk are such an orderly lot! They look so right. They look as though the thought of evolutionary ages had been spent upon their faces alone. Consider the whimsical moulding of David Powell's face! His spaced eyes. His excellent teeth. His nervous, proportionate hands. An accident? Ah ha, no! Rather did his native Wales work with malice aforethought to make the youthful heart beat faster.

"Well," we thought, at the end of our twenty-five hours, "there's some solution to why there are so MANY of them, all handsome, all popular, all publicized. We'll ask one of them. We'll ask a perfectly intelligent-looking one of them. We'll ask David Powell!"

"If you advertize an inferior brand of soap," said *Mr. Powell*, "it will sell. The same holds true of actors."

WE WENT to the Famous Players Studio in search of him and found him clad in a mud-stained shirt, collarless and bedraggled, having just escaped through reels and reels of film from the avenging sheriff in the form of Maurice Costello, with the good ship Dorothy Dalton loyally by his side and blonde-wigged Martha Mansfield to save him in the end by one little, little word. The picture, we hear, is to be called "Fog-Bound."

Finally, David was gloriously petted by staunch Dorothy and after their two hearts had really been made one we corraled him and he told us that he would take us to New York in a taxi, that he only had forty minutes "off," that he was extremely conscientious about his work, being in time, etcetera, and for heaven's sake not to ask him anything dreadful, for he was a very nervous man!

He disappeared to reappear again with a topcoat and scarf concealing the mud-bedraggled shirt and despite the fact that he nearly roasted in the taxi, nothing could induce him to remove the concealing scarf. There is something about David Powell's face and in his personality more whimsical, more appealing and more sensitive than that of any other screen star we can call to mind. We once called him "The Whimsical Welshman," and he is. Being born in Wales and being born, also, whimsical.

WE RANSACKED our vocabulary and tried to ask David or question as painlessly as possible. We said:

"Do you believe that all screen stars are born artists? Or are they merely accidents of Public Favor?"

"They are neither one nor the other," said David, looking hopefully out of the window for a possible and culminating conclusion to our ride.

"They must be *something*," we begged.

"They are," smiled David. "You know, if you advertise an inferior brand of soap long enough and wide enough, the brand will sell better, perhaps, than any other. The same holds true of actors. A company gets ahold of some chap. He may have physical attraction, a profile, a trick with his hands, something or other. He may be a foreigner, although I think that there is, today, a vogue for foreigners as there are vogues in dress and so forth. The Chauve Souris, the Moscow Art Theatre, all those things have conspired in present-day favor of the foreigner. Anyway, he has something, and the company is out to make money. They exploit him far and wide. They spend thousands of dollars in advertising him. It

(*Continued on page* 30)

"You are dragging hell

REPLIES JOURNALIST TO DR. STRATON

Dr. John Roach Straton, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, who recently denounced the movies.

Well known *writer* for *Macfadden Publications* defends *screen* from *attack* by *Dr. John Roach Straton*, the eminent *clergyman*, who recently *declared* that the *movies* were *"sending us all to hell"*

By Fulton Oursler

IN A RECENT issue of Movie Weekly there was a very interesting interview with the Reverend Doctor John Roach Straton, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church in New York.

If Mr. T. Howard Kelly, the author of this interview, has quoted the good clergyman accurately—and Mr. Kelly is an unusually accurate reporter—the Reverend Doctor Straton is in a state of mind. The world is dancing to perdition, says he. The movies are dragging us all to hell.

For a great many years I have observed the public posturing of Reverend Doctor Straton with unabated amusement, and now and then with some sympathy. As a pastor of a church of many vicissitudes in New York, he has contrived to be a successful sensationalist. Very frequently his name and his picturesque physiognomy appear on the front pages of the New York newspapers. He has splashed about in young lakes of printer's ink. Finally, he arrived at that pinnacle of distinction which entitled him to the publicity of an interview in Movie Weekly.

The honor seems to have turned his ecclesiastical head. According to Doctor Straton's reasoning, we are brought to a most interesting conclusion. His idea seems to be that the true opportunity of motion pictures to serve humanity is in the fields of education and evangelics.

His argument is worth while examining.

On the subject of educational pictures and their possibilities, there is no room for honest dispute. The time will undoubtedly come when there will be a silversheet in every classroom. Instead of wading through Plutarch's Lives or Viri Romae, students will watch these intense life-dramas depicted by capable actors, and absorb in an hour what former generations had to wade through tiresome years. The marvels of science and the panoplied glories of history will all be unwound like a shining and colorful skein before their thoroughly interested eyes. Here we are in positive agreement with Doctor Straton. The trouble is that the pious man may not see much beyond this. He is very ready to admit that he would not object to a film depicting chemical experiments or the demonstration of algebraic proposition.

Let "x" equal the unknown quantity and "a" plus "b" what the farmer got for his apples, and you have the scenario of a five-reeler that will thrill Dr. Straton's emotions. Arrange a script demonstrating beyond all question that 2 and 2 do make 4, that "r-a-t" spells rat and "c-a-t" spells cat, and "p-r-u-d-e" spells prude and "d-a-m-n f-o-o-l" spells dam fool, and Doctor Straton will clap his big hands in gusty applause.

BUT HERE we come to the parting of the ways.

Doctor Straton does not like the story pictures which have captured the imagination of the world. He denounces our modern films because they show vice, crime, violence, sex, and all the other iniquities against which he preaches from his stuffy little pulpit. I fancy that what Doctor Straton really objects to is drama. He forgets that drama, even the drama of propaganda and special pleading, cannot touch either the heart or the imagination without contrast. One cannot make virtue attractive unless vice is exhibited and demonstrated to be repulsive. Doctor Straton says that it is wrong to show the revelry of carnival Broadway.

But let us suppose that a picture were produced of a modern prodigal son. How could such a picture be eloquent of the sublime meaning which Jesus of Nazareth put into that parable if you did not show the temptations to which the vagabond boy succumbed, the lure and glitter which beguiled him, the blossoms of pleasure and passion which withered and crumbled in his feverish hands. Doctor Straton is ignorant of dramatic values.

He believes that the films would make an excellent medium for religious education. So do we. We would like to see a great many religious pictures shown in the churches, but we make the flat assertion that most of the things about which Doctor Straton preaches are unscreenable. The censors would not allow them to be exhibited.

No book which has been made into pictures would require the amount of emasculation that the Bible would require.

The Bible is a very frank volume. Doctor Straton endorses the Bible from Genesis to Revelations. He probably rejoices in its frankness. But when a modern author, equally zealous for the truth, equally reverent in his quest, equally religious in his zeal, tries to be frank, tries to be fair. tries to reveal life as it is, whether on the printed page or on the screen, Doctor Straton is there with his sonorous voice and his impatient gestures and his sorrowful eyes, proclaiming that all such practices are lethal and are dragging us down to hell.

THE WISE old men who wrote the Bible, whether under inspiration or not, wrote of life as it was lived in their days. Thev were under no impulsions to conceal the truth. They gave their readers credit for enough intelligence to understand the reverence of their intentions and the honesty of their observations. But the prophets who today attempt to imitate them arouse only the scurrilous denunciations of Doctor Straton and his frocked brethren.

If Doctor Straton could understand what Jesus

to the movies, sir

understood so thoroughly, the fundamental value of a story, his whole conception of the moving pictures, books, and the magazines would undergo a change. Apparently his imagination cannot follow the Nazarene. Jesus was the master story teller of the ages.

He touched the heart of humanity with his vineyard tales. He had a perfect instinct for the drama. In telling his stories, Jesus never hesitated to contrast vice against virtue. He utilized all the paraphernalia that is the stock in trade of the modern story teller. He told of murders, seductions, divorces and blasphemies, and drew from them an interpretation which gave earth a new faith, a new vision, a new hope, and Doctor Straton a job.

If it were not for the stories which Jesus told, there would be no pulpit in Calvary Church, and Doctor Straton would have to find some other field for his talents. But the great example of the Nazarene is brushed aside by this new apostle of Calvary Church. We must have a new technique. We must not depict life on the screen. It is a sin. The author who would follow in the footsteps of the Galilean today would find his path blocked by the Reverend John Roach Straton.

I AM NOT jesting. I mean every word that I say. The censors, with whom Doctor Straton is undoubtedly in solemn accord, will not permit the screening of incidents which they consider immoral, no matter how pregnant these incidents may be with meaning and religious significance. The thought has struck me: Suppose that Doctor Straton elected to carry into effect his ideas to disperse religious education through the films.

Let us suppose that he became a director in a studio where the Bible was to be put on the screen. He would first have to decide what parts of the Bible could be shown and what parts could not be shown, and unless I am sadly mistaken, unless I have utterly misread the scriptures, he will have to leave out more than he can put in, and the things that he will leave out will not only be the most interesting, but the most significant. His own ideas in censorship would preclude the possibility of broadcasting the very things that he believes in.

Let us see.

OBVIOUSLY the long genealogies of the Bible would have to be omitted. Not being interested in dramatic values, Director Straton would not rule them out on that account. But we could not show that Abraham begat Isaac or that Isaac begat Jacob, because begetting is not allowed on the screen. To do that would be to intrude sex into a perfectly innocuous film. So that's out.

The Garden of Eden episode would be a poser. Any student of the Bible knows that Adam and Eve were nude until after the romantic episode of the apple and the serpent, upon which Eve donned a fig leaf. How could the Reverend Doctor Straton reconcile that tremendous symbolism with the idea of what it is proper for people to see in the pictures? He would at least insist upon Adam's wearing an undershirt and Eve a petticoat. And even Director Straton would know that in doing that, he lost the point of the story. So that's out.

And then how about Cain and Abel? Doctor Straton believes that our crime waves are due to showing crime on the screen. Half of the murders, at least, he believes are the direct result of the depiction of murder on the screen. But Cain did kill Abel. What would Doctor Straton do now? Have Cain slap Abel on the wrist? I think he would have to leave out Cain and Abel, together with the amazingly important question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We cannot have murder on the screen. So that's out, as well.

The little affair of Joseph and Potiphar's wife would obviously be scissored. Could Doctor Straton conscientiously let impressionable young men and women witness such a barefaced attempt at seduction? Obviously not. So that's out, also.

The story of Hagar and her illegitimate child should not even be mentioned here, and in the interests of common decency, it would also be impossible to depict the scurvy circumcision trick which the sons of Jacob devised following the amorous adventure of Schechem, the son of Hamor the Hivite.

AND I wonder what Director Straton would do about David. Would he permit the screening of the adulterous episode in which the bloody old king saw the wife of Uriah bathing nude in a pool, and promptly ordered Uriah sent to the front line trenches, where he knew he would be killed, so that he could add Uriah's wife to his harem? Well, not so that you could notice it. So that's out with all the rest.

The peccadilloes of King Solomon the Wise would present more than one difficulty. There are

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A scene depicting *Adam* and *Eve* in the *Garden of Eden*, from the *Artclass* picture, *"After Six Days."*

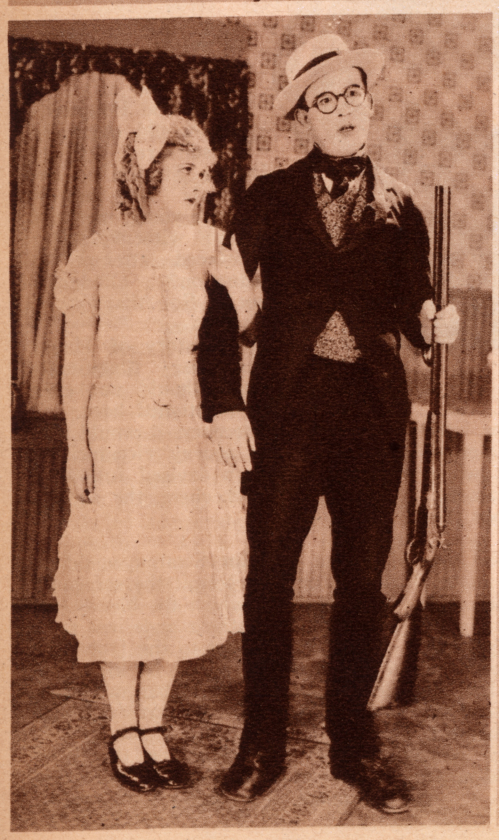
***Theodore Kosloff* and *Julia Faye* in *"Adam's Rib,"* a recent photoplay.**

SWEET 16 in the movies

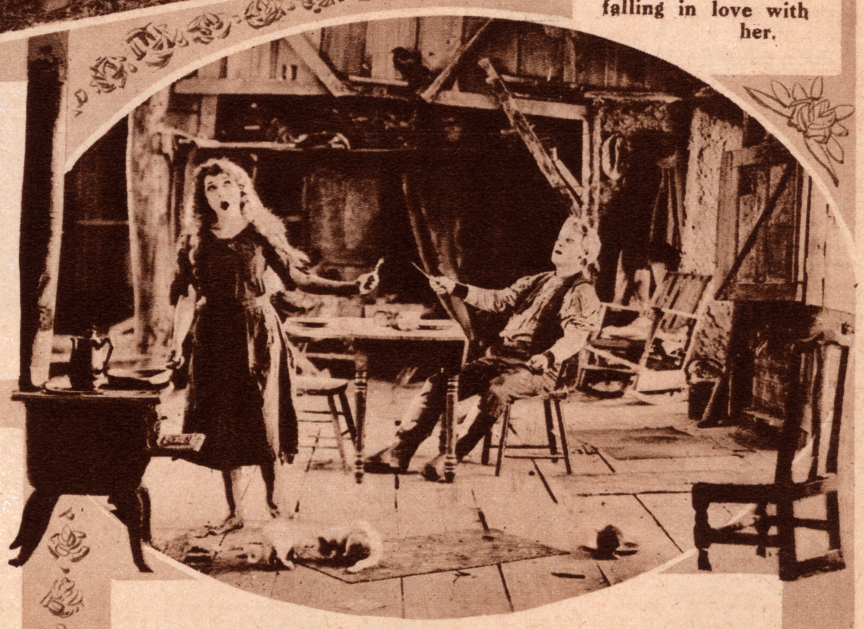
Speaking of sweet sixteen, there's *Mary Astor*. And when it comes to looks, nobody can hold a candle to *Mary*. She plays a retiring role in *"The Scarecrow"* with *Glenn Hunter*.

You'd never suspect this of being *Clara Bow's* sea-going costume, but it is. She and the stovepipe go *"Down to the Sea in Ships."*

In this scene from *"The Long Chance," Ralph Graves* is at the feet of the delectable *Marjorie Daw*. Our guess is that he's taking a *"Long Chance"* of falling in love with her.



This is really a "touching" scene from *"The Girl I Loved,"* with *Charles Ray* and *Patsy Ruth Miller* doing the touching. The parasol looks a little superfluous.



Harold Lloyd in *"Grandma's Boy"* keeps his gun pointing safely upward. He's not taking any chances of shooting the birdie in the camera—that's a terrible spot to shoot a bird in, anyhow.

"Is that you singing, *Tess*," asks *Tess's* pa in *"Tess of the Storm Country,"* "or is it only the tea kettle?"

Why I am a one-man girl

By MADGE KENNEDY

Popular *stage* and *screen star* tells what *marriage* has *meant* to her—Has *only* one *husband* and is *glad* of it

As told to David A. Balch

WHEN you meet Madge Kennedy, you think, if you are a man, that she is the sort of girl you would like to have married—the tender, radiant sort of girl who seems to answer at once all your heart's desire for wonderful womanhood and with whom, if only you *were* married, you could be supremely happy. And then, when you learn she already *is* married, your next thought is—"Some people have all the luck!"

At least that was our reaction as we sat with Miss Kennedy on her damask upholstered sofa in her lovely Riverside Drive home, and basked in the warm radiance of her personal charm. We felt that some people had quite all the luck!

"Miss Kennedy," we said smiling, when she had finished telling of her return from a five days' sojourn in Japan, where she went to join her mother, who is touring the world, "the last time we saw you was on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street. It was one morning almost two years ago and you were kissing a man good-bye."

"Oh!" Miss Kennedy exclaimed, laughing, "that must have been my husband."

"It was," we assured her gravely, for we had seen Mr. Harold Bolster before, and we recognized his famous and talented little wife more by this than anything else.

"I shall have to tell him," Miss Kennedy smiled quietly. "We must have been separating for the afternoon."

"Well, that is probably more eloquent," we offered, "than anything else you could say in favor of the institution of matrimony."

"It should be," she rejoined quickly, "for I have everything to be thankful for—in that respect, anyway. I have a man I love and who loves me, and the fact that I never want any other man as long as I live is the principal thing that makes me so supremely happy. I'm a one-man girl, I guess, without a doubt."

SHE CURLED her knees under her and sat facing us cross-legged on the sofa. There was something perpetually youthful about her that constituted much of her charm. Frequently, as she talked, she leaned forward to emphasize her remarks with a shaking forefinger that somehow made us feel like a small boy again receiving the lecture of his young life.

"How, when and where, Miss Kennedy," we asked at length, "did you meet him?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed impulsively. "Do you want me to tell you just how it all happened?"

We nodded, smiling, for here, we felt, was a subject that should interest the world—a woman married six years, who was still desperately in love with her husband. A one-man girl! What was it all about?

"Well," Miss Kennedy began with a long breath, "it was in 'Twin Beds.'"

"All girls," said *Miss Kennedy*, "are constantly looking for the *Right Man*, the man they are to marry."

"Pardon?" we inquired with a slight start.

"I met Mr. Bolster while I was playing in the farce, 'Twin Beds,'" she continued earnestly; "my first appearance on Broadway."

"Oh!" we murmured calmly with a nod of understanding.

"An aunt of mine knew Mr. Bolster," Miss Kennedy continued, "and as he was coming to New York she told him to look me up.

"The day he arrived here he wrote me a letter—no, he sent me a telegram!—explaining who he was and asking me if I wouldn't call him up on the telephone, as there was no way that he could call *me* up.

"So I did and we arranged to have lunch together. We had lunch together that day and dinner together that night and lunch again the next day—when he actually proposed marriage to me."

We laughed with sheer delight at the breathless animation she displayed in recalling the incident. This was the stuff, we thought, of which real romance was made.

"Well," we said at length, "that certainly was fast work."

"Yes," Miss Kennedy returned earnestly, "but it came to a girl who had been oh, so hungry for someone—the right one—to love, and when I first saw Mr. Bolster I somehow felt that he was the one I had been looking for all that time.

"You know," she added, "that all girls—particularly around the age of eighteen—are constantly looking for the Right Man, the man they are to marry. Everyone they meet, they wonder—is this He? And I had been just such a girl with perhaps—a little more than the average girl—of sentimental imaginings and romantic ideals that had to be realized if I were ever, ever to be happy.

"And when I saw Mr. Bolster, I just seemed to think—here is a friend; here is someone different than I have ever known before; whom I can turn to with my troubles, and who will *understand*."

MISS KENNEDY'S face glowed, as she talked, with the rarest of animation—a sort of inner radiance, as it were, that was evoked by the very mention of her husband, the one man in all the world for her. It was an inspiration to see and a lesson in faith—faith in a fellow-being, a beloved companion, that is increasingly difficult to acquire as time, for the individual, goes on.

"But do you know," she continued, "I really didn't love Mr. Bolster at first, and I used to think, 'Oh, why can't I feel as I should toward this man who I just know is the Right Man for me?' I wonder if many girls feel that way with men they come later to care for?"

We murmured something to the effect that we certainly believed it possible to *learn* to like a person; in fact, that we had once . . .

"I saw a great deal of Mr. Bolster after that," Miss Kennedy went on pensively, "and gradually I came to love him as I should. Oh, he was so kind and sweet to me I really couldn't help loving him. Besides, he's awfully good-looking, you know."

"Yes," we agreed. "We've often wondered why he didn't become a movie actor."

Miss Kennedy laughed.

"I'd never let him," she said. "Do you think I'd run the risk of having some beautiful screen star vamp him away from me?"

We looked at the small radiant figure seated opposite and concluded definitely that there was not much to worry about on that score.

"Did you marry him that week?" we asked, curious to know just how it all turned out.

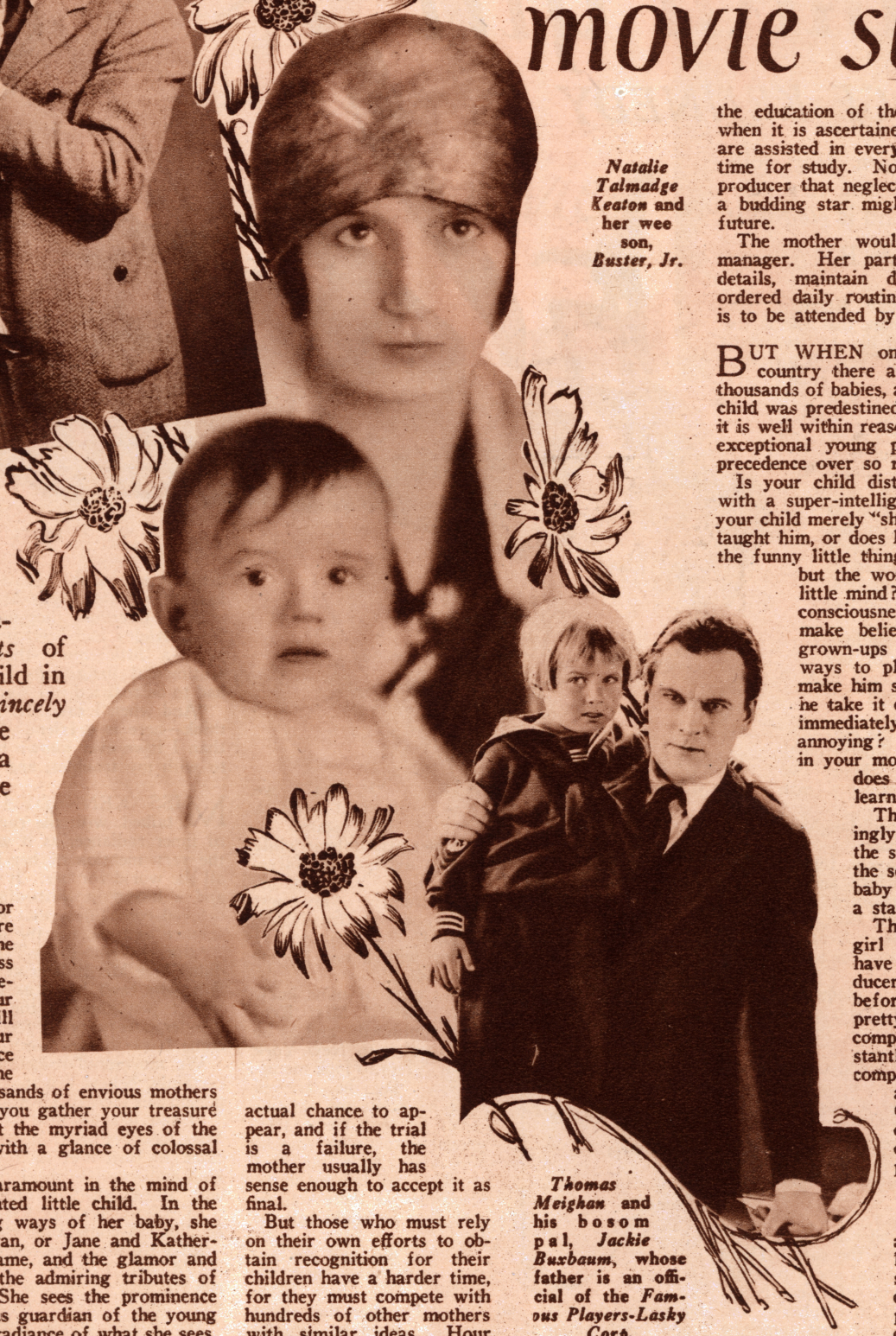
"No," Miss Kennedy responded smiling. "I made him wait a year and a half. But I think we appreciated it all the more because of that wait. Certainly, we've never regretted it."

Regretted it!

After she had brought us downtown in her automobile, and we had looked at her for the last time, we really couldn't see why Mr. Bolster should. *We* wouldn't.

Would YOU let your baby be a movie star?

Sam Wood, well-known director, and his little daughter, *Gloria*



Natalie Talmadge Keaton and her wee son, *Buster, Jr.*

Question that *confronts* the *parents* of every *attractive* child in *world* today—*Princely* incomes *their* little *ones* may *earn* a *great* incentive

By Alice Mason Johnson

WOULD you or wouldn't you share with the world, the infant sweetness of your most precious possession, your baby? Would you thrill with joy at seeing your littlest one's darling face smiling down from the screen upon you and thousands of envious mothers and fathers? Or would you gather your treasure to your heart in fear lest the myriad eyes of the world should scorch it with a glance of colossal tenderness?

This is the question paramount in the mind of every mother of a talented little child. In the petal cheeks and winning ways of her baby, she sees another Jackie Coogan, or Jane and Katherine Lee. She sees the fame, and the glamor and wealth and travel amid the admiring tributes of the public everywhere. She sees the prominence she herself would have as guardian of the young star, her child. And the radiance of what she sees, more often than not, blinds her to many things.

Doting relatives are always at hand to declare, from the time a baby says "Goo" and "Da," that a prodigy has been brought into the world, and often as a result, parents, otherwise sane and sensible, will try to move heaven and earth in ineffectual attempts to get their first-born into the movies.

If a mother has influence either direct, or afforded through friends, by which she can secure an introduction to a producer, the way is infinitely easier. Her child's possibilities as an infant star are thoroughly gone over. He or she is given an actual chance to appear, and if the trial is a failure, the mother usually has sense enough to accept it as final.

But those who must rely on their own efforts to obtain recognition for their children have a harder time, for they must compete with hundreds of other mothers with similar ideas. Hour after hour and sometimes day after day of waiting about the casting office may be put in by tired mothers, and equally tired, fretting children before a scene is shot wherein juvenile actors are required.

Thomas Meighan and his bosom pal, *Jackie Buxbaum*, whose father is an official of the *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*

ON THE other hand, if a child is just naturally bubbling over with clever little ways, and shows decided talent for the screen, it would hardly be fair to suppress it. Worry about the possible interference of a babyhood career with the education of the little one can be set aside when it is ascertained that children in the movies are assisted in every way to obtain the necessary time for study. No one is more aware than the producer that neglect of the infant intelligence of a budding star might spoil an adult star in the future.

The mother would act as a sort of assistant manager. Her part would be to look after all details, maintain discipline, and insist on an ordered daily routine for her child, if its career is to be attended by success.

BUT WHEN one considers that in all this country there are thousands of parents with thousands of babies, all of them believing that their child was predestined to become a movie star, then it is well within reason to suppose that only a most exceptional young prodigy could hope to attain precedence over so many.

Is your child distinctive in face and equipped with a super-intelligence for a youngster? Does your child merely "show off" the little tricks you've taught him, or does he suddenly give evidence that the funny little things he says are not parrotings but the workings of his astute reflective little mind? In his play, when not under consciousness of being observed, does he make believe things that he has seen grown-ups do, or does he invent new ways to play old games? Does praise make him shy and self-conscious? Does he take it calmly as his due, or does he immediately feel called upon to become annoying? Do his eyes follow you about in your movements without comment, or does he ask questions in a desire to learn?

These questions, though seemingly irrelevant, are pertinent to the subject, for they all pertain to the sort of intelligence which your baby must have in order to become a star.

The fact that your little boy or girl is pretty and cunning won't have much weight with the producer, for, as has been mentioned before, there are thousands of pretty and cunning little tots in the company of their mothers, constantly applying to the large film companies all over the country for admission into the movies. Only the exceptional ones are chosen and the others are doomed to eventual disappointment.

IF YOUR baby turns out to be one in a thousand, and you are willing to share him with the world upon the silver sheet, you may be the cause of giving happiness and pleasure to the multitude of childless child lovers, who nightly watch for the faces of other infant stars to shine down upon their loneliness in darkened theatres everywhere.

Jackie Coogan has made the world a brighter, happier spot for all who have seen his dear little face, but he, too, is one in a thousand. So if you make an error in judgment, and your baby, although the sweetest thing in life to you, does not turn out to be a prodigy, don't let the tears of hurt pride and disappointment blind you to the fact that you have the right to be thankful.

Virginia Pearson, noted screen star, whose most recent picture is *"Mild Youth."*

ANCIENT VAMPS *superior to modern variety/*

says ~ Virginia Pearson.

Screen actress *discusses* techique of *fascinating* the *male sex* in *Cleopatra's* time and *finds* it a vast *improvement* over *modern* methods

By Paul Rochester

'The women of the past," said *Miss Pearson*, "were far more fiery than the modern woman."

YOU'VE been hearing a lot about vamps of late, in fact, ever since the movies started to show how vamping can be made a profitable pastime.

But you're all wrong, all wrong, if you think that vamping is new stuff.

It's old, old as the well-known hills.

Virginia Pearson says so. Miss Pearson used to be a Fox vamping star. She quit the fields of vampery for the time to enter vaudeville, in which she has played for the last three years, but she is going back into pictures with the Goldwyn company and will play either the role of Iris in "Ben Hur," or the lead in "Three Weeks."

Both parts are heavy vamp stuff, but if Miss Pearson has her way, she will play old-time Iris rather than the new-fangled Elinor Glyn heroine.

"I'd rather play an ancient vamp than a modern," Miss Pearson told me. "I've been experimenting today on the proper kind of make-up for Iris, and I've finally discovered something that looks like sunburn on the street, but which looks as Egyptian as sin on the screen."

She rubbed some on her hand and that hand was immediately transformed into the hand of a serpentine girl of the Nile country, a girl who would have made Cleopatra look to her laurels, that is, if Cleo ever wore laurels.

Virginia Pearson is the sort of woman who makes you think of Messalina, Thais, Phryne, Semiramis and all the other notable women of the past, women notable for the dramatic situations into which they got themselves, and out of which they could not always get themselves. But Virginia Pearson is not that sort of person in real life at all. She and Sheldon Lewis, her husband, are very husband-and-wifely, and they live in a cottage for two when they are not on the road.

BUT ON the screen it is something very much else again with Miss Pearson. She showed me one picture which looked like that of Phryne just after the judges had decided that a woman as beautiful as Phryne just simply couldn't be sent to prison.

"That gives you an idea of what I mean," she told me. "The modern type of vamp has to have a drawing room for her playground. That limits her dreadfully, for she has to keep her drawing room manners on. But imagine how different it is when you go into a character type.

"You can be Salome vamping the old king for John's head. You can be the Persian Semiramis, and you can lie around looking beautiful on a million Persian rugs with a thousand Persian cats running up and down the room. And in a case of emergency, you can always fall back on Cleopatra and do the famous ride up to Nile to meet Antony and wind up with the famous asp at your breast.

"And naturally the women of the past were far more fiery, they give the actress a greater opportunity to show what art she has, than the modern woman, who either comes from Broadway, Rotten Row or the Champs Elysees. And when you think of radio, steamships, and all the other modern distance-smashers, you realize that New York, London and Paris are pretty much the same.

"But Ancient Rome! That's quite different. What a gorgeous character Messalina was! An empress by day, and a woman of the streets by night. What depths in a character of that sort, what power!

"Or place yourself in the character of Sapho of Lesbos and you will get another idea of what I mean. The modern man cannot understand Sapho as a character. He sees her only as a symbol, whereas the actress must get within her soul and find out why a woman was able to be both notorious and famous at the same time."

AS VIRGINIA PEARSON speaks you realize that vamping has fallen upon bad days. Broadway doesn't compare for color and exotic effects with the cypress-clad hills of Lesbos and the dim grottoes of Aphrodite with their ever-watching vestals at the never-failing flame.

Still, living today has its advantages. When she is in New York, Virginia Pearson lives at the Claridge, and while the street cars on Broadway occasionally ring their gongs at the passing traffic with a sound which is hardly as mellow as that of the dulcet bells of Luxor-bound barges laden with rich stuffs for the courts of the Pharaohs, still there is maid-service at the Claridge, and a telephone and a taxi at the door, and plenty of Broadway shows around the corner, if she happens to get bored.

(*Continued on page* 30)

Lenore Ulric will play "TIGER ROSE" on screen

Lenore Ulric, famous star of the *Belasco* stage success, *"Kiki,"* who will shortly begin work before the camera in the screen version of *"Tiger Rose."*

Famous Belasco *stage* star will *appear* in *Warner Brothers'* picturization *of* well known *stage* play under the *personal* supervision of *David Belasco*

By Thomas Tarrington

NOT LONG ago Movie Weekly announced that David Belasco, who makes the whole world understand its own humanity better through the medium of the theatre, had promised to bring his magic touch and idealism to the silver screen. The motion picture public hailed this statement of the master producer with a feeling that at last there was a chance for the creation of the perfect picture!

Mr. Belasco has not dallied with his promise. In another month he will be speeding Hollywoodsward with Lenore Ulric, famous as a footlight star under his direction. Production of "Tiger Rose," Miss Ulric's former stage vehicle, will begin at once under the glare of Kleig lights in the Warner Brothers' studio.

Lenore Ulric, now appearing as Kiki at the Belasco Theatre in New York, speaks of her new venture as an opportunity for Mr. Belasco to bring his wonderful producing gift to the millions that cannot get to Broadway. This is a good angle for her to comment from, but I think his advent in the movies might be better looked upon as an opportunity for the movies to reveal the true artistry that can be woven into pictorial drama, and thus prove to the prejudiced critics of the films that moving pictures are achieving their true objectives in the entertainment world.

Can Mr. Belasco make the perfect picture?

This is the question that interests me most of all when I think of his going to Hollywood. There are many things in his favor, and again there are some things which will handicap his attempts in picturedom. His greatest assets combine themselves in the proven fact that he has an expert finger on the pulse of human life. He knows each and every beat . . . each throb . . . each thrill . . . every tear of our hearts. When he tells a story on the stage, he turns scenery, actors and theatre into a slice from real life!

David Belasco, who will supervise *Miss Ulric* on the screen.

But the theatre is Mr. Belasco's home—his habitat. He can do magnificent things behind the footlights because he knows his stage, and the people he places upon it. Mr. Belasco does not know much about the moving picture medium of drama. He is not a technician or an artist of the silver sheet. He will, no doubt, find it a little different to transfer "Tiger Rose" from the tempo of a stage play, to a story on the screen.

However, in spite of this handicap, I think we can expect a very near approach to the perfect picture from his efforts with this famous play in which Miss Ulric starred. He has surrounded himself with able advisors and collaborators. Sidney Franklin will do the actual studio directing and Edmund Goulding is already at work on the continuity of the scheduled production.

In the very fact that Miss Ulric will be "Tiger Rose" of the films, lies the surest indication that Mr. Belasco will prove himself a Griffith in the studios. Long before she ever interpreted this role on the stage, the beautiful and charming star lived the life of her character in real life by going to a tiny village beyond the gates of old Montreal and leading the existence of a French-Indian maiden.

WHEN I first learned that Miss Ulric was to do this picture, I asked for an interview, requesting her to tell the readers of Movie Weekly just how she felt about becoming a movie star. I found Miss Ulric in her dressing room after a matinee of Kiki. Standing in her magical presence, it was hard to believe that she was a great Belasco star, for she seemed more like a piquant school girl dreaming about a career. There is a quality about this famous and favorite actress that one seldom finds in a player off-stage. She is at once picturesque in everything she says and does without being conscious of it. She is herself at all times—her own inimitable self!

"I am so enthusiastic about doing a picture—so happy to know that I am going to work during my vacation, that I'm feeling rested just thinking about it. You see," Miss Ulric went on, "One gets to love a character one plays, and yet one has to go on to other parts and leave them. I've never forgotten Tiger Rose, she was so human, so brave, so really sincere, and now, of course, through pictures one can recreate characterizations as can the author in books.

"Of course for me it's very wonderful, very marvelous, to know that Mr. Belasco stands back of me, to know that I can call on his great genius. I remember one day during a rehearsal of "Tiger Rose," he said that one should look deep into the lives of foreign people before producing a play about them. Before I appeared as "Tiger Rose," I went to a little town near Montreal where the people were the same type as those in the play. I listened to the way they talked, the way they walked, their gestures and expressions soon became mine.

I FEEL that I know "Tiger Rose" intimately. I will love trying to express her in pictures. I think there is one thing that one can't pretend about and that is love for one's work, and it inspires one to do more things than all the cold wisdom in the world.

"It's going to be very fascinating to actually see all the things in the picture that we talked about in the play. Each year I hope to do a play into a picture. Just think how much of Mr. Belasco's work can be brought to places that plays can never go."

When Miss Ulric said good-bye, I couldn't help thinking as I watched her large liquid brown eyes fill with eager dreams, that "Tiger Rose" will be all that she hopes to make of her in the movies.

WHO is the handsomest movie director?

Movie Weekly *representative* takes *census* of *male movie* directors in *effort* to *determine* who possesses *greatest* masculine *charms*

By Alma M. Talley

MANY a flapper heart flutters at a close-up of a Valentino or a Novarro. He, they say, is the handsomest man in movies. But, if they say that, they don't know the half of it! They don't know about that unknown quantity, the motion picture director.

If they did, those fluttering hearts might palpitate into a double somersault. If the director should come out from hiding behind his megaphone and pose for a close-up, what havoc he could cause—at least some of them. But no; the director does his blushing—if any—all unseen. He turns on the limelight only for others.

And yet—how jealous they could make Apollo, if they cared to, some of these directors! There could be quite a staggering male beauty contest, for directors only, with many bets up as to the winner.

There's Rex Ingram, for instance. We all know his name as well as we know our own, but would you recognize him if you met him on the street, when you stopped to take that second look at him? For no one would ever pass him by with one look!

"Why, you look just like Ramon Novarro," you would probably say to him, the moment you were introduced. "Are you twins, or something?"

Because certainly no two persons not in the same family ever looked more alike. And Rex on the screen would make other matinee idols look to their laurels. As a matter of fact, he is better looking than most of them. In the early days of pictures, he did play in pictures with Clara Kimball Young, Lillian Walker, and other stars well-known at that time. He also wrote scenarios, but what he really wanted all the time was to direct pictures, and his chance came when he was given one of his own stories to direct, "The Great Problem." But it was some years later that he became famous because of his direction of "The Four Horsemen."

So, though the screen has lost one of its best-looking actors in Rex Ingram, it has gained one of its two greatest directors.

AND THEN, there's Marshall Neilan. It must be rather agreeable to him when he sees himself in the mirror. He's in his early thirties, young, good-looking, likable; in fact, he was already somewhat of a screen idol before he took up directing. He played opposite Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Blanche Sweet, who is now his wife, and various other stars.

But Mr. Neilan preferred directing pictures to playing in them, and good directors are scarcer than good actors—so that's that!

Robert Leonard, Mae Murray's husband and director, is another convert from acting to the directing side of the profession. The screen lost a good-looking leading man, but it gained a director who can produce such lavish pictures as "Fascination," and "Peacock Alley."

Remember King Baggott! How our hearts used to flutter with excitement as we left him hanging over the edge of a cliff and had to wait until next Wednesday to find out whether they sprinkled feathers at the bottom for him to fall on, or just what came to his rescue. But King doesn't do things like that now; he tells other people what to do. And since he played in more than three hundred pictures, it's hardly surprising that Mr. Baggott should like a little change of occupation.

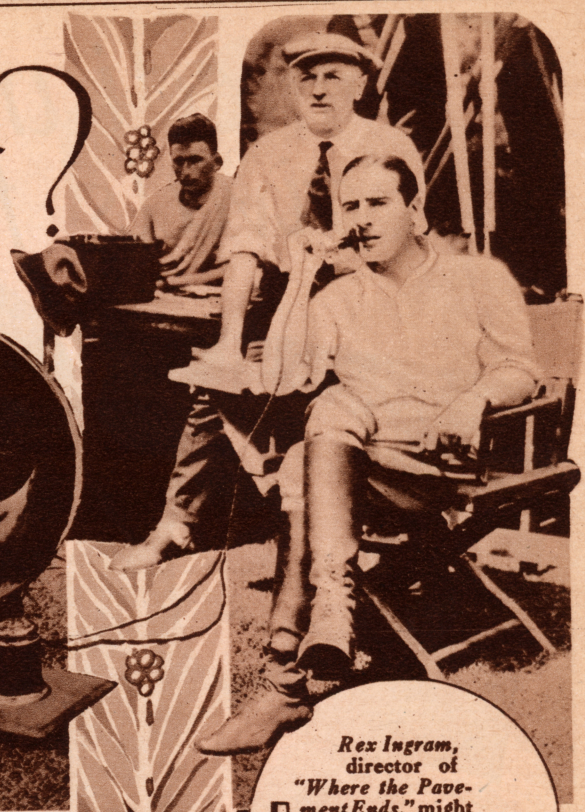
Eric Von Stroheim has been called "the man you love to hate."

This is *Marshall Neilan*, director of *"Minnie,"* with *Ruth Roland* in the days when both were in *Kalem* comedies.

And then there's George Fitzmaurice; the screen has never had a chance to see him. But if it did! He has a moustache just like David Powell's, if you don't examine it too closely.

And Clarence Badger. He turned from scenarist to director; but with his handsome countenance there's no doubt that he could have fans clamoring over him, if they only knew how good-looking he is.

Rowland Lee abandoned his career as an actor to wear the puttees and the megaphone—that is, shout through the megaphone. We used to see him in Ince pictures with Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, Bessie Love. But now he is directing pictures like "The Dust Flower," good pictures!



Rex Ingram, director of *"Where the Pavement Ends,"* might easily aspire to first place among the screen's handsomest men.

The fans in this country have never had a chance to see Victor Seastrom, whom Goldwyn recently brought over from Sweden and signed to a contract. But the European fans know his face, for he, too, was formerly an actor and as handsome as any of them.

And Robert Ellis! Well, Robert is so good-looking that he's a leading man as often as he is a director. It must be rather enjoyable to slip from one occupation into another with ease. Whenever you get tired of one job, try another as a vacation!

Alan Dwan has never played in pictures, and the fans have missed another good-looking screen hero.

AS FOR Frank Borzage, many an actor might envy his handsome countenance: That wavy hair of his, for instance! How our bobbed haired flappers would appreciate being born with hair like that, that curled all by itself, just to be obliging.

And then there's Fred Niblo. He was on the stage for twenty-five years and was a matinee idol of no little fame. Just as present, he is especially known for his direction of "The Mark of Zorro," "The Three Musketeers" and "Blood and Sand." Screen fans also know him as the husband of Enid Bennett.

So it seems that, on the whole, there are just as many Apollos at the little end of the megaphone as there are at the big one. And, lest we seem partial in mentioning names, let us hasten to add that we don't pretend to have included all the handsome directors. It can't be done!

In the first place, there isn't space enough, and in the next place, we wouldn't go so far as to consider ourself a judge of beauty. There are many directors, for instance, whom we don't consider in the least handsome, but for all we know someone—their wives, perhaps—might think they deserve to have beauty medals pinned all over them.

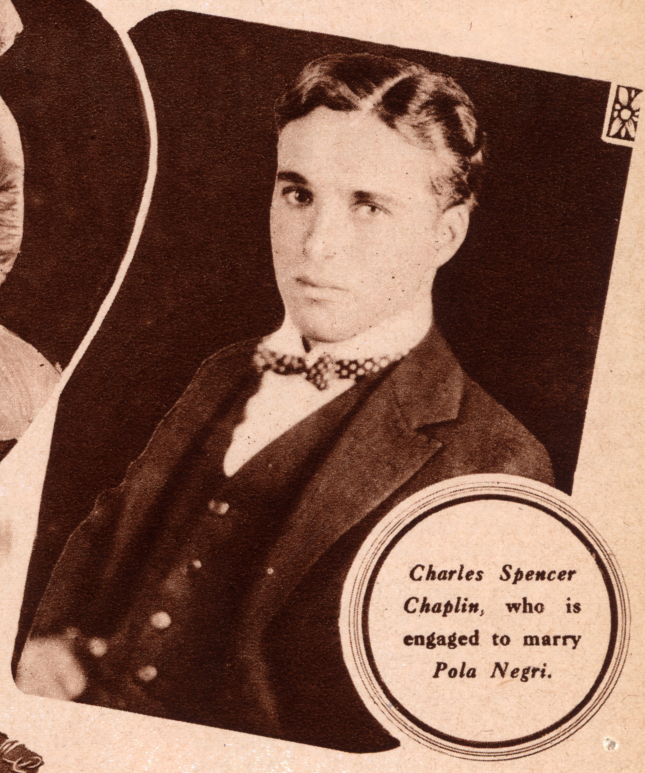
Eric Von Stroheim, for instance—and——

Well, really, you see, the list grows too long, so after all, you'll have to decide this beauty contest for yourself.

Comedian and Artist are rivals for Pola's hand

Tada Styka, noted *Polish* artist, who is an old admirer of *Pola*. He is now in this country.

Pola Negri, the object of two men's devotion — *Charlie Chaplin* and *Tada Styka*.



Charles Spencer Chaplin, who is engaged to marry *Pola Negri*.

Charlie Chaplin and *Tada Styka*, noted *Polish painter*, are said to be *building rival* homes in *which* to lodge *the* fair *Pola*

By T. *Howard Kelly*

A STONE for a stone!

Charlie Chaplin, already feverishly driving his architects, masons and carpenters at top speed in order to complete the palace he is building for Pola Negri before her volatile mind changes again, has no doubt heard this cry from Tada Styka, artist and suitor insistent to the love court of Pola.

Styka, it is said, is just what his name sounds like in American. He is a natural born sticker. He never gives up the ship! When he read all that the papers printed about Chaplin's announced engagement to the German actress, Styka merely resolved to be himself.

A conference with Titta Ruffo, the operatic star, who is a bosom buddy of Tada's, strengthened the portrait painter's decision to fight Chaplin to the last stone for the right to call Pola "little wife." And so the artist's battle-cry became:

"A stone for a stone!"

Meaning that he will lay a stone upon a stone for every rock that Charlie Chaplin puts in this new residence he is rushing to completion in the Krotona Hills of California. I am sure that this is the right significance to be attached to this epic utterance. Tada is too much of a poetic temperamentalist to mean that he would shower Charlie with a barrage of Irish confetti. Now, if his name was Mulligan, Murphy, or Gallagher, or Shean, we could see the bricks fly with our eyes closed. But Tada is neither a Sinn Feiner or a Free Stater. He is just an artistic Pole who flings nothing more dangerous than a wicked brush.

Chaplin, of course, has the advantage of a big handicap in this house-building race. His mansion has been under way for sometime and those in the know believe that the cornerstone will be laid with appropriate ceremonies in a very few days. Perhaps this is an indication that Charlie has never been too sure of holding Pola against strenuous opposition.

He is certainly spending his money with a nonchalance that is perfectly staggering to those of us who have humble ideas of what a home, or even a love nest should be. Where most people would be satisfied with having a phonograph, or a piano in the parlor, Charlie is putting out thousands of iron men for the purchase of a vast pipe organ which he knows nothing about playing.

THEN there is the gorgeous Green Pie Room which I hear is going to rival the salons of old Putantakem, the fellow who just had his tomb treated to a spring cleaning for the first time in several thousand seasons. You know who I mean even if I spelled the name wrong. Never was much on remembering the names of the Egyptian cigarette manufacturers anyhow. But Putantakem is the one who died centuries before the reign of Prohibition and was found still dead when the scientific fellows smashed into his sarcophagus.

Well, according to the secret blue-prints, Styka will have to execute a Bolsheviki movement to offer Pola anything half so intriguing as the Green Pie Room promises to be. Of course he is not publishing his plans for a house, because I think he is afraid Charlie will steal his stuff. Not that Charlie would play pickpocket in real life under ordinary circumstances, but maybe he's got a hunch that all's fair in love and war, and he's in love!

CHARLIE'S expected to turn into a regular Simon Legree before this palace is ready for occupancy. Doug Fairbanks had to exert all his influence over the comedian to keep him from buying a whip second-hand from an Army officer who was in a jam for some ready cash, according to rumors that have filtered eastward from the most reliable press agents in the west.

He has been up at the building site first thing in the morning since Tada Styka coined his stirring line about one stone after another. The men can't seem to lay bricks and drive nails fast enough for Charlie.

In the tea rooms of Hollywood, where many of the prominent and beautiful girl stars foregather for a bit of harmless gossip when they are given a recess by the strict directors, there are many whispers to the effect that the house Charlie builds may turn out to be a palace of dreams. Of course this is a very deep line of conversation, and I am not prepared to attempt an interpretation of its final meaning. But . . . I wonder if the little dears dare think that Charlie will eventually be sidling around the hallways whistling for what he once dreamed was going to be. If you know what I mean!

Although I'm all for Charles Spencer in this matter, I can easily realize that Styka dropped a mud-hook in Chaplin's consomme when he up and decided to build a castle out where the Klieg lights glow and glimmer. It would get any young prospective bridegroom's goatee to know that another chap is figuring on marrying the same girl he plans to wed and is so cocksure of his figures that he's building a house for her. Poor Charles. He's having such tough sledding this spring—trying to drag Pola to his fireside.

Have you a screen personality?

Here's how to tell.

Senior member of *Warner Brothers* describes *necessary* qualifications for a *career* in *films*—Rates *personal* charms *highest*

By Sam Warner

HAVE I the necessary qualifications to become a screen star?"

This question probably more than any other is uppermost in the mind of the average fan who spends one or more evenings a week at the movies and wonders whether he or she, if given the opportunity, would outshine Mary Pickford or Rudolph Valentino in their popular screen roles. In this thought, the features are given closest inspection, as are the eyes and hair, while such things as gesture and walk are matters which occupy frequently many hours' of contemplation before the mirror. It is all for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not he or she would make a screen star.

But there is another factor, more important than all these, which is all too frequently overlooked by the screen aspirant, and that is the matter of personality. For on the screen as well as in real life, personality is practically the greatest factor for or against individual success. With it, a girl with a plain face and a poor figure may become a creature of bewildering charm, whereas without it the most ravishing beauty may fade into tiresome insignificance.

A delightful personality is largely a matter of charm. We have all seen instances where an ugly woman has carried honors away from one so dazzlingly beautiful that it would seem she could have the world at her feet should she so choose. But it happened that the beauty did not have that inner glow which characterized her plainer sister and made her adored by all with whom she came in contact.

Monte Blue and *Marie Prevost* in a charming scene from *"Brass,"* a recent *Warner Brothers'* picture.

THE MOST beautiful face in the world ceases to be beautiful if it counts on coloring and features alone to make it so. There is something, not entirely beyond our control, that regulates our expression and gives to it a something mere features never could. The bromide "Beauty is only skin deep," is a falsity. Beauty is just exactly as deep as thoughts, intelligence and character.

Nothing is more boring than a blank expression and even though the face bearing it were as lovely as the fabled one of Helen of Troy, I wager any man in the world would tire of it after the first impression caused by its beauty had passed.

On the other hand, a face sparkling with animation, one whose expression changes constantly as one feels different moods, whose eyes grow tender with sudden memories or sparkle at the recollection of others, who has the intelligence to think and feel for herself and in doing so captures the elusive essence of personality, has something that gives her a lasting quality mere beauty of feature could not.

Personality photographs just as relentlessly as a more tangible part of you. It has been a large factor in the success of the men and women who have won laurels on the screen—it has been equally important in causing the downfall of others.

Next in importance to deciphering whether or not you have a screen personality, is in deciding just what sort of personality you have. There are as many different types of personality as there are types of beauty and unless you play up to your own you will lose any charm you might have gained through being yourself.

Be true to your own personality. If you are naturally vivacious, sparkle to the full of your powers; it will not be becoming to you to sit pensively aside. If you are naturally reticent, if most of your charm lies in a quiet studiousness that seems to lift you away from your companions, do not, for the love of your individuality, try to be kittenish. You will only succeed in making yourself ridiculous if you do and will rightfully earn the reputation of being affected. If you are shy, don't try to assert yourself. In trying to overcome your natural shyness you will probably go to the opposite extreme as is so usually the case and make yourself obnoxious by being too forward. On the other hand, a naturally assertive person seems awkward and lacking in poise when emulating shyness. A dignified personality does not shine in the same way as does an impulsive one, nor should it try to.

In attuning your personality to the screen you should always keep this in mind. This is the reason so many well-known stars specialize in the type of character they are wont to play—they know their personality and stick to it. Could you imagine Pola Negri playing "Pollyanna," or Mary Pickford "Bella Donna?"

"Be true to your personality," says *Mr. Warner*. "If you are naturally vivacious, sparkle to the full of your powers."

Another thing to be considered in the motion picture studio—aside from photographing a personality, is in choosing personalities that must work together, such as director and star. An outsider might think this a minor issue. One who has seen the workings of a motion picture studio will realize what an important thing this is. As supervising director of the Warner Studio, the selecting of both directors and stars come within my province. It takes no small amount of thought to determine just what director is best suited to direct certain players.

If two very emotional, very temperamental people get together, one can be quite certain that the result would be fireworks. I have found that a man of placid disposition, who is not easily ruffled, can get the best results in working with an excitable star, or vice versa. Their widely different temperaments act as a stimulant to each other. They seldom quarrel. They supplement each other in a way bound to obtain results and good ones.

IN SELECTING casts it is wise to select as many different personalities as possible in order to diffuse them with interest. This is the reason for the all-star casts Warner Brothers have been featuring in their productions.

For instance, Marie Prevost makes a charming heroine of the vivacious, sparkling type. In "The Beautiful and Damned" and in "Brass," she portrayed the up-to-date modern girl, full of life and spirit, who saw to it that things happened in much the way she wanted them to. As a contrast to her, we have Kenneth Harlan as her leading man in

(*Continued on page* 30)

"The TRAIL OF THE IS APPEALING

Antonio Moreno and *Mary Miles Minter* make mountain love in *"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."*

Mary Miles Minter portrays *June* in drama of *Blue Ridge Mountains*—*"Nobody's Bride"* *"The Tiger's Claw"* and *"Mighty Lak a Rose"* among other *pictures* reviewed

By Lewis F. Levenson

"THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE"

The Week's Best Picture

If "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" had been made in 1914, it would have marked a well-known epoch in the motion picture industry. But coming, as it does, in 1923, it offers nothing new.

Over a decade ago this novel of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia was a best seller. John Fox, Jr., who wrote it, evolved a story that was, for that time, somewhat new, the story of a mountain feud, a girl and a man. Today, despite the efforts of a good cast, despite capable direction and good photography, the picture based on Mr. Fox's novel bores because it is trite. Many and many a mountain feud picture has been made since 1914. Every movie fan knows just what to expect when the caption: "June, a flower of the mountainside," flashes on the screen.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" glistens with guns, murders and pure, unswerving love. Mary Miles Minter is the star, and gives a good performance. The real honors are won by Ernest Torrence, who, as her ignorant, proud and humanly kindly father, gives another of those characterizations for which he is rapidly becoming famous. Antonio Moreno, another good actor, is the leading man.

The exterior photography of this film is clear and beautiful.

If you are not too jaded with mountain feud stories, you will find considerable entertainment in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

"THE TIGER'S CLAW"

Absurdly Unconvincing Story

Jack Cunningham, who wrote "The Tiger's Claw," must have reeled off the scenario for this Jack Holt film one morning after a bad night. One can almost imagine Cunningham's bad night. It must have begun with the reading of an East Indian mystery story, following which he must have eaten a midnight supper in which Welsh rarebit and xapjacks were the pieces de resistance.

Afterwards Mr. Cunningham had a dream, a very bad dream. He remembered the dream and wrote it down in scenario form. Hence "The Tiger's Claw."

All the actors in "The Tiger's Claw" frown all the time. They must not be blamed, however, for no self-respecting players could be happy in such a wild film. It begins in a jungle village in which an English engineer is married to a half-breed girl. It ends in a melange of tigers, badly done leaps over precipices on horseback, and the bursting of miniature dams in which we are asked to believe that a gallon of water was sufficient to drown all the various villains with trick moustaches.

Poor Jack Holt! He is too fine an actor to be wasted in so bad a picture as "The Tiger's Claw."

One of the funny scenes in this picture occurs when the hero, returning home suddenly, finds a gentleman calling on his wife. He wastes no time, this hero, in casting the gentleman into a nearby lake. Apparently Mr. Cunningham has never read "The Book of Etiquette." We recommend it to him, as well as any good text book on how to write plausible scenarios.

Jack Holt sees things at night in *"The Tiger's Claw."*

"MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE"

A Fair But Tedious Picture

"Mighty Lak' a Rose" is mighty lak' "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "East Lynn," and the old pictures of still-life bananas, oranges and apples which used to hang in Grandma's dining room.

If you can wax emotional over still-life pictures, dramas of the vintage of 1880 and sentimental ballads of a still earlier era, you will like "Mighty Lak' a Rose."

The chances are, however, that the story of a blind girl who wanders into a den of crooks and who manages to reform them all by the simple process of playing a violin in their hearing, will bore you to death.

The screening of "Mighty Lak' a Rose" takes one hour and thirty minutes, or about one hour too long. During the first thirty minutes all the characters are impossibly villainous. They have as much respect for human life as the flu.

You are then asked to imagine that the blind girl violinist succeeds in regenerating them so completely that they not only wear dress suits and attend formal functions, but seem to enjoy it.

Dorothy Mackaill plays the leading role and James Rennie is the hero.

LONESOME PINE"

A few years ago, when he was playing in comedies with Dorothy Gish, who was later to become his wife, Rennie was a handsome farceur, but in "Mighty Lak' a Rose," he commits the awful screen fault of looking straight at the camera and talking to it. Anders Randolf gives another of his impersonations of rough guys.

"Mighty Lak' a Rose" is one of those things in which a prison is called "the cold gray house up the river"; in which people stay up in "the gray watches of the night"; and in which the villains are not content with living on an ordinary street—they must rent rooms on "Murderer's Alley."

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"NOBODY'S BRIDE"

Another Fair Feature

Herbert Rawlinson's pictures seldom get first runs. They rarely go into big theatres because they are unpretentious. But as a rule they have more entertainment value than many a super-production, widely heralded and as widely advertised.

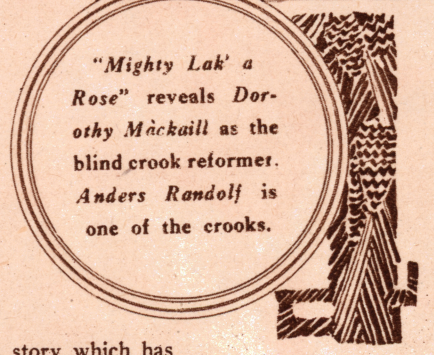
"Nobody's Bride" is not an exception. It is an excellent little picture in which at least one original situation is found, and which makes no attempt to preach anything at its audience. Rawlinson in this case plays a young man who has lost his grasp on things. He is salvaged by a woman. The woman is a crook. He lives with her—yes, although this is a movie, he lives with her quite openly—and he happens into a crime in which a former sweetheart of his is the victim.

The best feature of "Nobody's Bride" is that nobody is reformed. The crooks are caught in the end. The hero marries the girl. The film has a happy ending. But it is a natural ending, and comes about not because of the moral urge of the hero, but by force of circumstances. Even the crooks seem quite humanly crooked.

Rawlinson gives an excellent impression of the down-and-out youth. Alice Lake, who plays the crooked lady and who gets it in the neck at the end, is a far different Alice Lake from the puppet who used to move through star films for which she was unfitted a year or so ago. Miss Lake is a character actress, not a star. Edna Murphy is not quite at ease as the heroine.

Herbert Blache is the director. He is to be congratulated for giving an excellent little study of a simple crook story, a story which has gained by his natural, straightforward direction. He has wasted not a foot of film on platitudes.

Herbert Rawlinson gives an excellent performance in "Nobody's Bride."



"Mighty Lak' a Rose" reveals Dorothy Mackaill as the blind crook reformer. Anders Randolf is one of the crooks.

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"LOST AND FOUND"

A Bad Story Well Done

"Lost and Found," with its beautiful views of the island of Tahiti, the natives in their war canoes and "the sapphire skies beneath heaven's cup of blue," will undoubtedly be a popular picture. Almost any picture in which the heroine goes bathing *au naturel* is bound to have a sort of popularity, and "Lost and Found," in addition to these features, profits by the direction of Raoul A. Walsh, who is a student of the direction of D. W. Griffith.

But "Lost and Found" has a most inept and wandering story, a story that wanders over great spaces of territory and vast periods of time. It has a one-eyed villain who dresses like a Follies girl and a hero who spends all of his time before the camera registering most un-hero-like fear. Even Mr. Walsh has been unable to overcome the disadvantages of a bad story.

Yet the South Sea Islands, even when viewed on the screen, exert a lure, make the picture seem better than it really is. Paul Bern, who wrote the scenario, apparently never got nearer to Tahiti than the beach at Venice, California. That is the chief fault of "Lost and Found."

Pauline Starke, as the scantily-dressed heroine, struggles with her unreal role. House Peters gives the best characterization, that of the girl's sea-faring, hard-fisted father. Antonio Moreno is the seldom heroic hero.

The native actors are all as expected and they execute their battles, their dances, their ride to the rescue in war canoes, with a verve and expertness that makes it seem not at all unlikely that a film in which none but natives appeared might be a successful picture.

"Lost and Found" just misses being a real epic of the South Seas.

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"THE LION'S MOUSE"

The World's Worst Picture

The world's worst picture of 1923 is "The Lion's Mouse." Nothing like it has been seen since "The Mistress of the World" was thrust upon suffering movie fans about a year ago. It easily wins the piece of green cheese offered by The Committee for Frightful Filmplays, for the prize specimen of rotten picture-making each year.

Wyndham Standing and Marguerite Marsh are the featured players in this picture, which apparently was made in Europe, and which should have been kept over there. Mr. Standing has been a good actor. He ought to appear personally at each showing of "The Lion's Mouse" and apologize for his appearance in it.

The story is impossible. It lacks versimilitude, motivation and continuity.

The acting is abysmal. The vamp is played by an unnamed dowager of at least sixty, who looks as if she used to pose for those naughty French postcards which were quite widely circulated at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

The photography is atrocious. The picture was

(*Continued on page* 31)

RAMON NOVARRO
in
"WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS"

DOROTHY GISH
in
"THE BRIGHT SHAWL"

What does Nita Naldi's face reveal?

Character analysis of *beautiful* screen *vampire's* face in *which* her *innermost traits* of *temperament* are laid *bare*

By Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's personal magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

What is the secret behind Valentino's eyes? Behind Mary Pickford's smile? Behind Pola Negri's agonized expression and Will Rogers' grin, that makes the public love them and flock to see their pictures?

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study, and intimate contact. In each player will be found certain things to praise and certain things to censure, since they are, however famous, only human like the rest of us.—EDITOR.

Nita Naldi

THIS face is the face of a woman who is intensely direct, who is quick-tempered yet not vindictive, who is completely equipped to win whatever she desires. The face is artistic, extremely feminine and mutable, sympathetic and broad. It has an immense sex-appeal, and shows a deep knowledge of men. It reveals a character that is easily moved, to whom words and gestures mean much, emotional, yet rich in humor and tolerance.

Nita Naldi has been frequently referred to as the "vampire of 1923," as if contrasting her with those older and earlier movie vampires of a few years before. The popularity of Nita Naldi in these parts is a deserved one. Her advent, and of those like her, point out the fact that the actual vampire is no exotic impossibility, but merely a woman of remarkable sex appeal such as may be met anywheres. The earlier film plays asked us to believe in unreal creatures whose every act and thought was on a peculiar plane remote from humanity.

The vampire of Nita Naldi is distinct by its very humanity. It has the arts and graces of attraction, but these are not those forced and studied details that exist only in the pages of the sensational novelist; they are natural, understandable, and even familiar.

Miss Naldi has a fortunate combination. She is at once the vampire of tradition in her appearance and the perfectly normal, flesh-and-blood girl. Those two apparent contradictions blend almost perfectly in the story her features have to tell us.

"*Nita Naldi's* dark, strong brows are an indication of her quick temper, and her jealousy wherever she loves," says *Mr De Sola.*

Nita Naldi, who has created a new type of vampire on the screen, a vampire which, as *Mr. De Sola* remarks, is "distinct by its very humanity."

Her dark, strong brows are indication of her quick temper, her jealousy wherever she loves. Her eyes, too, are emotional eyes, full, with large pupils and an unswerving directness of glance.

BUT ALTHOUGH the face is emotional, neither the mouth nor the nose show any indication of that which so often accompanies emotion: vindictiveness or revengefulness. Yet the nose is sensitive, and declares the temperament of a woman who can be wounded deeply.

The quality of humanness is in her tolerance. The mouth is extremely tolerant, and non-critical. There is something in the contours of jaw and cheek which show her to be possessed of a certain largeness of character. She has strength and poise, but she does not condemn the weakness or awkwardness of others. She is possessed of a wide sympathy.

The mouth has its humor, too, a humor very easily touched, that is as much a reaction to her emotional nature as Charlie Chaplin's humor is a reaction to his quiet sadness.

In the delicacy and clearness of the features is indication of an artistic sense, an instinctive feeling for good taste. Her traits do not lie very deep. She is quickly moved to antipathy or liking by some odd word, some vivid physical gesture. Here she is instinctive, and does not even attempt to explain to herself the why or the wherefore of her moods.

She is finely balanced in certain ways, and she has a knowledge of life that is set and ordered. There is nothing blurred or uncertain in her viewpoint. In these things she is so strong that she can well afford to be generous to others.

In the emotional side of life she knows she has most to fear. To balance her dangerous ability to offer a profound love, under the sway of her own emotions, she has to guard herself with skepticism, with a pleading appeal of helplessness, with a mind that can work at lightning speed.

IT IS THE emotional quality in Nita Naldi's face, coupled with her natural beauty, that gives her the sex appeal necessary for one who aspires to play a vampire part. Imagine Mary Pickford playing the Countess of "Blood and Sand!" For roles which require at once an appeal to the spectator's eye and the playing of an "unsympathetic" character, it is necessary to have just such an equipment.

Miss Naldi's face shows furthermore a knowledge of men, a tolerant, amused, and kindly knowledge, it is true, but an understanding nevertheless. Her eyes, with their intuitive quality, and the feminine accents of the face, reveal this as so. This, too, is part of the equipment of an actress who wishes to be cast in roles of the seductress and temptress.

It is her tolerance and good humor, her *humanness*, which (*Continued on page* 30)

People who worship the movie stars

Unknown *admirers* of *screen folk* pay faithful *tribute* to the *objects* of their *devotion*—Unswerving in *their* loyalty

By Grace Greenwood

***Mary Pickford*, who is idolized by a little old lady in *Maine*.**

THERE is a little old lady up in Maine, who idolizes Mary Pickford as almost the reincarnation of her own little daughter, who died when a child. This little old lady has been writing Mary for eight years. "You are just like my own little Mary," she says. "Sometimes I think you really are herself come back again. It is a great comfort to write to you." Mary has been faithfully answering her letters through all these years. And the touching part of it is that through all Mary's ups and downs, the little old lady's loyalty never wavers. She writes tender advice and consolation in all her letters.

"And I always feel," says Mary, "as though I must live up to what that dear little soul believes me to be."

A sincere worshipper of Charlie Chaplin is a little crippled girl of Baltimore, a paralytic who has not walked since a child. She is now sixteen. Her parents are well-to-do, and have installed a picture machine in their home, so that the girl may see her favorites on the screen. She writes Charlie all the time, and he always sees to it that she gets a print of his pictures. Charlie writes her whimsical letters about what and whom he sees, and these are the delight of her life.

***Ethel Clayton* has an admirer who is a spiritualistic crank.**

A DEVOTION amounting to worship was bestowed on William S. Hart by middle-aged ladies, married and unmarried, before his marriage. There is something about Bill that is ideally strong, kind, and masculine. Therefore he was peculiarly the idol of those ladies who had been what is known as "disappointed in love," or were unhappily married. Bill's sister Mamie has told me that more than once Hart has risen in the morning to find a woman sitting on his doorstep. Sometimes she was a married woman, unhappy in her matrimonial venture, and desiring advice. At others, she was some middle-aged woman who frankly adored him.

There was one woman in particular, who used to write to Hart. She was quiet, middle-aged, recent, and she wrote interesting, almost intellectual letters. Perhaps she was an old school teacher; Bill did not know. The two corresponded for two or three years, Hart enjoying sincerely the clever comments on life, the common sense advice, the real friendliness of the woman's letters. She never expressed any particular desire to meet him.

***Richard Dix* is much admired by a widowed mother who had a son killed in the war.**

Theda Bara had an old admirer who simply worshipped her, but whom she never met. He even went so far as to send her jewelry, but he always said that he did not wish to meet her, as he felt certain that she would be disappointed in him, as he wasn't in her class. His letters were always touchingly humble, indeed. Yet hardly a day passed that he did not send her flowers or candy. He told her that he should feel like committing suicide if she ever married. This devotion endured for several years, then suddenly stopped. Perhaps he really did kill himself when he found that his idol had wed.

A curious correspondent had Ethel Clayton. He was a spiritualistic crank, and when he learned that Miss Clayton was broken-hearted over the loss of her husband, Joe Kauffman, he wrote her that he could put her into spirit communion with her husband. Miss Clayton seldom answered the letters, but he wrote faithfully for many months, sometimes pretending he had messages to deliver to the star from her late husband.

ANITA STEWART declares that she is deeply indebted to a young hunchback of brilliantly clever mind for many helpful bits of advice concerning her work and information as to what exhibitors thought of her pictures. The young man began writing her eight years ago when a mere youth of seventeen or eighteen. He worshipped her, and has been watching her career. There is a touch of pathos in the letter he wrote Miss Stewart at the time of her marriage to Rudolph Cameron. He hoped she would be happy,

(*Continued on page* 30)

"The Rustle of Silk"

A DRAMA OF SILENT LOVE

I. *Arthur Fallaray* (*Conway Tearle*) is Colonial Secretary to *England* and the man next in line as Prime Minister. *Fallaray* has many staunch friends and bitter enemies.

Man's *mastery* and *woman's* wit *wage* war of *political intrigue* in new *picture* with *Betty Compson* and *Conway Tearle*

II. (ABOVE): Chief among the latter of these is one *Chalfonte* (*Cyril Chadwick*), secret owner of a newspaper, who is anxious to keep *Fallaray* from becoming Prime Minister.
III. (AT LEFT): *Lady Feo* (*Anna Q. Nilsson*) cares little about her husband, living only for amusement. *Lola de Breze* (*Betty Compson*), her hairdresser, worships *Fallary* silently from afar.

IV. (AT RIGHT): When *Lady Feo* discovers that *Lola* has gone out with *Chalfonte*, she discharges her—only to discover a love letter which *Lola* has written to *Fallaray*.

VI. (AT LEFT): The publication of *Lola's* letter is an astounding surprise to *Fallaray*. She goes to him begging forgiveness for what she never intended anyone to see.

V. (ABOVE): This evidence is what *Chalfonte* has been seeking to ruin *Fallaray* politically. He publishes the letter in his newspaper for the purpose of dragging both *Lady Feo* and *Fallaray* into the divorce courts.

VII. The knowledge that *Lola* loves him touches *Fallaray* deeply and a great love awakens within him for the simple trusting girl. It results in the defeat of his enemy, *Chalfonte*, and happiness with *Lola*.

The better I get, the worse I look" says Lon CHANEY

Lon Chaney in and as *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"* a forthcoming *Universal* picture.

Popular screen *villain* tells *Movie Weekly* representative that *his appearance* has *deteriorated* as his *nature* has *improved*

By Grace Kingsley

REFORMING a (film) crook!

That's what they are doing to Lon Chaney!

He backslid as Fagin in "Oliver Twist," to be sure, but retrieved himself as Yen Sen in "Shadows."

"I regret my better nature," grinned Chaney. "Especially as the better I get, the worse I look! When I used to play those early Universal period crooks, I looked fairly well. Now that I'm almost angelic as the Hunchback of Notre Dame, I look like—well, I look like the devil!

"Here am I in the midst of the most wonderful love story ever written, and wearing the most dreadful make-up I have ever donned. And it is awfully difficult, too! My soul must shine through in high-power fashion to make people sympathize with so repulsive a creature as my hunchback is to look at."

Yes, he's been the wickedest man on the screen and proud of it, has Lon. You probably think of Lon Chaney indeed as one who would "slay a little baby for the coral on its neck," and all that sort of thing. Not a bit of it. He is a great family man, prefers home and the company of his wife and boy to all the parties in the world, and hardly ever goes out except to see pictures.

Yes, in private life he's a regular good home boy, like most of his ilk. He is one of the clan which at five o'clock every working day washes the lines of sins and dissipation from its face and goes home to rock the baby and help bring in the wood for the wife.

"Hello, Lon! Hello, Lon!"

"When I used to play crooks, I looked fairly well," said *Mr. Chaney*. "Now that I'm playing the angelic *'Hunchback,'* I look like the devil."

THAT'S how it was as we sat in the acre-square of Notre Dame, facing that wonderful cathedral.

We had driven up in Lon's Cadillac! Imagine the humble hunchback driving a Cadillac! Around us sprawled or lounged a thousand extras who are being used in "Notre Dame." They were all in bright colors, and they formed a marvelous picture against the backgrounds of church, shops, old-fashioned houses of Paris, which themselves were silhouetted against the green hills of Universal City and the purple mountains in the distance.

Lon had on no make-up, and I found him very good-looking, very charming, very well-dressed. You would never recognize him if you met him on the street.

"In one way," he explained, as we watched the extras flock over to the set, "make-up helps you in putting a characterization over. It aids you in getting into the spirit of a part while you are looking into the mirror, and when you see the interest in the faces of your co-workers. But in another way it hinders.

"When a make-up is as painful as that which I wore as Blizzard in 'The Penalty,' when I had my leg strapped up, and couldn't bear it that way more than twenty minutes at a time—when I have to be a cripple, as in 'The Miracle Man,' or have to keep a certain attitude of body as I did in playing Yen Sen in 'Shadows,' it sometimes takes a good deal of imagination to forget your physical sufferings. Yet at that the subconscious mind has a marvelous way of making you keep the right attitudes and make the right gestures when you are actually acting.

"But there's another thing. Though make-up helps the illusion in the minds of the audience, too, still it sometimes requires ten times the concentration to get results when a grotesque make-up is used, inasmuch as the face, in its set lines, must necessarily fail to register many expressions.

"And when it comes to a character like the Hunchback, which demands that the audience sympathize, despite his repugnant looks—well, it is the hardest part I ever played, that's all.

"You see, I am following as closely as possible the best-known illustrations of Hugo's novel. Therefore I am hunchbacked, knock-kneed, have one eye almost entirely closed by a big wart, have a hairy skin, and am altogether repulsive to look at. But this isn't all. I wear a cast that weighs about 5 pounds, and which, doubled up as I am, it is nothing short of agony to carry around."

"Can't you take off your make-up and rest once in a while?" I asked.

"What? When it takes me three hours and a half exactly to put it on?" demanded Lon. "I should say not! But at that, I cannot stand the make-up longer than six hours at a time.

"Yet I must not only get interest in the Hunchback; I must get the deepest sympathy for him from my audiences, else he fills my onlookers only with repulsion and disgust.

BUT THE thing I dread most of all is not the putting on of the make-up, not even the wearing of it, but the taking of it off. See all the hair gone from my eyebrows? Pulled it out taking off my false eyebrows. And my eyelid is all burned from the application of strong glue. Also I'm sure I'm permanently warped about the shoulders from carrying that hump on my back.

"You see," he went on to explain, "my father and mother were both deaf mutes, and in this way I had learned pantomime, and I felt sure this would help me. It did, too. I was engaged to play comedies for Universal. But heaven help me—when I saw them on the screen, they were the unfunniest things I ever saw! How a stage comedian who had made good could be so bad on the screen, I never could figure out! I did only three comedies. I was about discouraged when one day Jack O'Brien and Jeanie MacPherson took pity on me and asked me to play a heavy in one of their pictures. I was reluctant to do it, but finally consented.

I surprised everybody, I guess, myself most of all. I found that I was intended for drama, after all. That was the beginning of my dirty work. I played heavies for years. Not until 'The Miracle Man' was I allowed a grain of virtue in my make-up. I used to play the heavies with Dorothy

(*Continued on page* 30)

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A strong story of passionate love within the jungles of India in two absorbing parts

Novelized by

Edward Ettinger

From the Paramount photoplay starring, **Jack Holt**

"You rat!" *Sandell* exclaimed as he struck *Raj Singh* a crushing blow.

The Tiger's Claw

PART I

QUICK, quick!" shouted Azun, the Indian woman. "Get the cot ready! Sandell Sahib has been clawed by a tiger and they are bringing him here."

A few moments later, a number of the natives carried in the lifeless form of Sam Sandell, the young engineer who was constructing the dam in that wild region of India. They placed him gently upon the cot and retired, leaving him in the care of the two women, Azun and her half-caste daughter, Chameli.

The women bathed his wounds, and by applying some Indian medicine, known to the natives only, they were able to prevent blood-poisoning from setting in. Chameli never left his side. With all the tenderness of a mother, she watched over him and prayed for him.

When he finally awoke from his unconscious state, he found her sitting there beside him, with her cheek against his hand.

"Chameli," he said in a low voice as he patted her gently, "it was you who saved my life."

She nodded her head in assent.

"If it weren't for you," he continued, "that tiger would surely have gotten me. Luckily, you are a dead shot. How can I thank you?"

"If the Sahib would only remain here," she whispered softly.

"No, that is impossible, for I have work to do. We must not delay in building the dam. Tell me, Chameli, is there anything I can do to reward you?"

"The Sahib needs someone to take care of him," she suggested. "My mother—she marry white man. Why not me, too?"

A smile crept across Sandell's face. What an odd proposal! So this little girl, half white and half native, wanted to marry him? He looked at her carefully. She was pretty. She was well-formed. She had a bewitching smile. But still, she was a half-caste and he a white man. Could the two mix? He was about to shatter all the hopes of this little girl when his thoughts suddenly turned back to a night three years previous when he had been humiliated and sent away by a white woman, when he had been belittled by the woman he loved. It was that which had driven him to India. The smile on his face changed to a sneer. Here, he thought, was a fine opportunity for revenge. Eventually the white woman would hear of it and then she would regret her hasty actions.

"Chameli," he said firmly. "I'm going to marry you just as soon as I get well."

"Praise be to Brahma!" she exclaimed, as she got down on her knees. "Like my mother, I, too, will have a white husband!"

She bent over the cot and kissed him passionately.

RAJ SINGH, a young Hindoo, had just returned to his native home after a four years' absence at an English college. Unlike the rest of his countrymen, he was now dressed in European clothes and affected European manners.

"Ah, the gods are with me!" he exclaimed, as he met Azun on the road, "for, of all people, it is you whom I wished to see most! Tell me, where is my pretty Chameli?"

"Haven't you heard?" she asked. "Chameli is married to Sahib Sandell."

"What!" he fairly shouted the word.

"Yes, she is now living with him in his boat house."

"No, no! It cannot be," he cried, "for she promised to marry me! I must see her at once!"

"Be careful, Raj Singh," Azun cautioned him. "She is married now. She must remain faithful. And it is I, Azun, who will see to it."

Raj Singh waited to hear no more. He hurried over to the boat house. He must see his former sweetheart.

"Chameli!" he shouted as he opened the door and came to her with outstretched arms. "My pretty Chameli!"

Instinctively she went to him, but, as he embraced her, she remembered her position.

"No, no, Raj Singh, we must not!" she cried as she released herself.

"Oh, sweetheart, how could you have married him? You knew I loved you with a love as eternal as the stars. And you loved me, too. Why did you do it?"

"He is a white man, Raj Singh. All my life I have craved to be loved by a white man."

"Yes," he said sneeringly, "and to be deserted by a white man as your mother was."

"No, no, I will always be beautiful. I will keep my white man."

"Chameli, you should have known that the white man soon tires of the native girl and he casts her aside like a flower which has withered. Native blood calls to native blood. Come with me, Chameli. I love you and I will make you happy. Oh, flower of my heart, give me but one kiss."

He put his arms around her and pressed her to him. She raised her lips to his.

Crash! The door swung wide open. They turned around, startled. Sandell stood on the threshold. There was a threatening look in his eyes. Chameli quickly released herself. Raj Singh stood as if in a trance. Sandell walked over to him. "You rat!" he exclaimed as he struck Raj Singh a crushing blow on the jaw which knocked him down. He then picked him up as if he were a mere infant, carried him over to the railing of the boat house and threw him into the river.

The cold water, however, did not cool the spirit of Raj Singh. When he crept up on to the bank, he shook his fist at the boat house.

"I'll make you pay for this," he vowed.

He immediately set forth to find Sathoo Ram, the Thugee chief. This self-appointed chief was doing his utmost to bring back Thugeeism, a wild native religion, whereby whites were invited to a feast and then robbed and murdered. Sathoo Ram was a man without conscience. He would just as soon kill as eat. Like the medicine man of the North American Indian tribes, he ruled the natives through fear of his magic powers. In him Raj Singh found a powerful ally.

Sathoo Ram looked at his visitor sharply.

"You come to me for help, Raj Singh, and yet you wear the garb of our enemies."

"What difference does the garb make," replied Raj Singh, "if but the heart beat true? Sathoo Ram, it is time that something were done to curb these invaders. Slowly but surely, they are crowding us out, changing our wonderful country and enslaving our people. They must be exterminated."

"Yes, and it is I, Sathoo Ram, who brings relief to his people," the chief declared. "The true wor-

(*Continued on page* 28)

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Speeding to the Jail

Gladys Walton says that next time she drives her car, a turtle could keep up with it. No more fast driving for her. And really, you couldn't blame her if she felt that way. For Gladys drove not wisely but too well, as the saying goes. In a manner of speaking, she drove right into the jail.

You've probably guessed it by now. Gladys was arrested for speeding and the judge "sent her up" for three days.

Well, anyway, Gladys said, she'd see to it that none of the photographers got an opportunity to snap her sweeping floors!

Hope Hampton as a Gold Digger

We've all heard so much about these "Gold Diggers" that the picture fans will certainly be glad to hear that the screen, too, is going to show them up as they are. David Belasco's play, "The Gold Diggers," is one of his productions which Warner Brothers will adapt for the screen. And Hope Hampton is to be the principal digger.

John Barrymore is to make "Beau Brummel" for the screen, and Lenore Ulric will appear in her quondam stage play, "Tiger Rose."

These three productions are to cost Warner Brothers $1,200,000—but what's a trifle like a million dollars to a picture producer!

Neal Burns Injured

Poor Neal Burns! The car that he was driving developed a faulty steering gear, and the steering knuckle snapped. The car was completely wrecked and so was Neal. In fact, he was so badly injured that it has been feared his injuries would be fatal.

Tut, Tut!

They certainly started something when they dug open King Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb. Little did old King Tut dream four thousand years ago that his influence would be lasting enough to influence styles and things long after he was dead.

Now there's even going to be a picture named after him. William P. S. Earle is to make a movie called "King Tut-ankh-Amen," and Carmel Myers is to have the leading feminine role.

She was selected out of many young actresses as being ideally suited to her role, particularly as she has a great deal of dancing to do and that is one of her special talents.

The good-looking Malcolm MacGregor is going to be King Tut.

Tut, tut!

May McAvoy Loses Her Tonsils

It seems to be quite the thing now for picture stars to have such superfluous things as tonsils and appendices removed. Bebe Daniels, Viola Dana—and now May McAvoy has just recovered from an operation on her tonsils

About the same time, Lois Wilson returned from her very first visit to New York, so now William De Mille says he no longer has any excuse for not working. Both of these actresses are to play in Mr. De Mille's film version of the stage play, "Only Thirty-Eight." George Fawcett and Elliott Dexter will also be featured.

Miss McAvoy couldn't eat anything for several days after her operation, poor child, and grew thinner and thinner. But her friend Lois gained all that May lost; Lois found her trip agreed with her. So now both girls are singing Trixie Friganza's song, "There's Lots

***Betty Compson* in this picture seems to be up to some monkey business.**

More Fun in Putting It On Than There Is in Taking It Off."

Quick Work, Ann!

Ann Perdue, who, you remember, is the new Film Booking Office star, didn't languish long in Hollywood waiting for masculine attention! In fact, she had scarcely had time to get settled before the suitors began to appear on the scene.

She now has two illustrious ones to pick from: there's Gene Sarazen, the golf champ—and, having met him, we can safely reveal the secret that falling in love with him wouldn't be very difficult!—and Craig Biddle. In case you don't read the society gossip, Craig Biddle, of *the* Philadelphia Biddles, left Princeton recently and decided to become a screen star.

That's our idea of real competition—with two suitors like that!

The New Fad in Hollywood

A new fad has sprung up in Hollywood—can you imagine?—it's adopting babies. Barbara La Marr, of course, recently startled film circles by adopting an infant, and now Gloria Swanson goes and does likewise.

Gloria is adopting a "trial baby"—which is certainly one way of having satisfaction guaranteed! In other words, if the baby minds its p's and q's and turns out to be a perfectly delectable baby in general, Gloria is all for it. But suppose it insists on being taken for a walk every night at the hour of three or so—that's the real test.

Maybe there's something to this trial baby idea. One might just as well have a good baby while one's about it!

James Kirkwood Plays "The Fool" No Longer

After playing "The Fool" for no one but the press agent knows how many performances, James Kirkwood has quit Broadway to go back to pictures. He will next be seen with Dorothy Davenport Reid in "The Living Dead," the picture made to expose the drug evil, and then he will begin on his new contract with Goldwyn.

Of course we welcome him back on the screen again, but just the same, it's a shame that he is deserting the stage. He has such a marvelous speaking voice.

A Smash-Up for Cupid

Well, it looks as if Katherine MacDonald's much-discussed romance had come to grief. As the song says, "It's All Over Now." Reports had it that Miss MacDonald would marry John Morrell when her picture contract with Louis B. Mayer was completed.

And then Cupid got in a smash-up. For, it seems, there was a quarrel, and Mr. Morrell dashed away to Honolulu. The gossips say that any quarrel which would send the suitor away so definitely must have been an honest-to-goodness quarrel, as he has been most devoted to the screen star for several years.

Miss MacDonald refuses to verify the reports of a disagreement.

"I can't discuss it," she said. "Mr. Morrell and I never announced our engagement, though we once talked of being engaged."

"Have you any matrimonial plans?" she was asked.

"No, and no matrimonial instincts, either," she answered.

So that's that.

Miss MacDonald was once the wife of Malcolm Strauss, well-known artist, but was divorced from him more than a year ago.

As to her professional plans, she claims she still has her own company, and that she might continue her film work.

Out of the Past

The Fifth Instalment of

"The Girl Who Came Back"

From the Preferred Picture based on the stage play by

Charles Blaney and Samuel Golding

Novelized by

Lawrence Langdon

The story so far:

Sheila Weston, an unsophisticated country girl, is arrested a moment after she has been married to Ray Underhill, an automobile thief. Both she and Underhill are sent to prison. Underhill, with the connivance of Convict No. 555, an eccentric life termer, escapes with Convict No. 648.

The two men go to a house where No. 648 has some money concealed. Ray is forced to leave the house and to go it alone. He returns to Sheila, who has been released, and in her room in a New York tenement house, he is again arrested. But he has had time to tell Sheila of the money in No. 648's house, and she, determined to avenge herself against miscarried justice, visits that house and steals the money.

She leaves America, going to South Africa where, because of her beauty, she easily enters any society she chooses. She reads that Underhill has been killed in another attempt to escape, and meets Norries, a South African diamond magnate.

ONCE each year the Carlton Hotel at Cape Town gives a pageant, at the beginning of the winter season. On this occasion, invitations had been sent to guests of the hotel notifying them that an Oriental note would dominate. Into the harem-like grand ballroom of the hotel the elite of the South African colony thronged that night, to watch nautch girls dance, to following the lightly-clad performers to the pool back of the ballroom where bathing girls disported.

Among the guests was Sheila. In an Oriental costume, she was dazzlingly beautiful. Pearls twined about her soft throat; in each of her breastplates a single diamond glistened.

At the conclusion of the entertainment a man, who had been separated from her by the crowd of guests, came toward her. He was dressed in a Sheik's costume, with turban and flowing robes, and he smiled as he made the proper Arabian gesture of deference, a polite salaam, palm across his forehead.

"Let's stroll about the garden," he suggested. They walked through the ballroom and entered the *terree* with its fountain and intertwining shrubs. Palmettos, hydrangeas, exotic African plants made the air swoon with perfume. He led her to a marble bench, where, after he had spread his cloak upon it, he bade her sit down.

Night sounds murmured in the distance. Although they were in the heart of a city, they could fancy that they heard the distant calling of a lonely animal.

He leaned over her. "The heart of the jungle is beating," he whispered. "Only we two can hear it . . . you and I."

In an *Oriental* costume *Sheila* was dazzling.

He paused. The orchestra had begun to play. A weird reed note sounded above the flowing melody. Into the fountain pool a night bird of the tropics dove. Sheila's eyes closed in the ecstasy of the moment, the beauty of the night, the music. Norries looked down at her adoringly, and took her hand. She opened her eyes and looked deeply into his. Breathlessly she rose, her hand still in his own. Confused by the sudden passion which had swept over her, Sheila only half tried to release her hand, and the man drew nearer. She looked at him as if hypnotized. She felt his lips on hers. Then, and only then, did she try to draw away, but he pattered kisses on her lips, her cheeks, her eyes. At last, breathless, frightened, she tore herself from his embrace and fled.

He was after her. He caught her. Penitence in his eyes, he spoke to her in a voice mellow with tenderness:

"I couldn't help it," he pleaded. "I never dreamed I should find a woman like you, after my years of isolation . . ." He paused, then added: "My years in the veldt."

She bowed her head on his breast, and his lips fell upon the perfume of her hair as he placed his arm about her.

Then they walked away, arm in arm, so engrossed with each other, so enchanted by the perfect spell of the moment that neither saw a fleeting shadow in the bushes, nor noticed a man stalk away from them.

ON THE following day he was again with her. His trembling hands placed a lavalliere of diamonds about her neck, and his thirsty lips drank deeply of hers as they fell passionately into each other's arms.

"My husband!" she breathed, looking searchingly at him. "My husband, and yet almost a stranger. Do you realize how little we really know about each other?"

He drew back as if wondering, but he swept the evil thought away, and placed a gentle sealing hand on her lips.

"What does it matter?" he smiled. "My life began when I first saw you. I want to think that yours began at that moment, too."

Yet the thought seemed to persist, for though they sat now before a grate fire and each was silent, apparently happy in the presence of the other, although now his hand touched her hair, now her throat, now her shoulders, he moistened his lips, as if about to speak.

At last the words came:

"Sheila," he whispered. "Look at me. Listen. Do you want to stay here?"

She did not reply.

"Would you mind leaving here, Sheila?"

She looked up at him, sharply. He did not seem to notice the surprise in her glance, for he continued:

"I must go back," he said. "I must go back to America."

He still gazed into the fire. "To be worthy of you," he continued, "to be worthy of my happiness, I must go back."

SHE WAS startled, for she rose to her feet and was shocked as she saw her own reflection in the mirror above the fireplace. America? No. America clad her in prison raiment, in straightjacket. Here she was free. She turned upon him:

"No, I love it here!" she cried. "I shall never go back to America. Never . . ."

He held her in his arms. Sadly, earnestly, he tried to explain:

"Some people in America trusted me—and trusted friends of mine. They were fooled. I must repay that trust. I must go back, if it costs me every dollar I have in the world."

Still she did not seem to hear, for she shook her head and turned away from him again. But he gazed raptly at her, and with unhappy finality, he repeated, "I must go back . . . alone."

(*Continued on page* 29)

Where Fan Meets Fan

HAVE YOU EVER MET A SCREEN STAR?

Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Recently I saw Eugene O'Brien in person, in his new stage play, "Steve," at the Metropolitan Theatre in St. Paul. I was as enthusiastic as two young ladies who sat in the row behind me. From their conversation I learned that they intended to wait for him at the stage door after the performance.

Curious to know what would take place, I also went to the stage door. After a short time the actor appeared. One of the girls, very enthusiastic about meeting him, crowded her way toward him and excitedly said, "Please shake hands with me, Mr. O'Brien." Smiling good-naturedly, he did so, and I also managed to get hold of his hand for a second.

As he stepped into a waiting cab he tossed a cigarette which he had been smoking onto the walk. Like a flash this same girl picked it up—put out the fire—and walked hurriedly away, looking just a wee bit embarrassed. I had to admire her wit, though.

Fortunately I have the remainder of a cigar which was smoked by Theodore Roberts when he appeared in person at a theatre in Minneapolis not long ago. But you'll "hafto" guess how I got it.

J. C.

Reminiscences of Doug

When I was a little girl, the manager of a local theatre called on me for extra parts, and in that way I met many famous stars. I met one famous screen star, Douglas Fairbanks—but that was about ten years ago, before he was in the films. I assisted in the Virginia reel in "The Cub Reporter," in which Fairbanks was leading man. How proud I was to dance with the leading man! He was then the same smiling, jocular chap that he is today, and always had a smile and kind word for everyone.

In that play he made his entrance riding on a burro, swinging his legs and kicking the burro on the sides, which was characteristic of his funny stunts today in the movies. I am not at all surprised at his success, because at that time it was very evident he had the makings of a famous comedian.

ANNA R. W.

Praise for Bert Lytell

Being a fervent admirer of the screen stars, I find it difficult to write about any particular one from the number whom I have seen personally. However, I am sure you will agree with me that in the film world Bert Lytell stands out distinctively with his gift of meeting the public.

All of the stars were more charming to look at "in the flesh" than on the screen, but Bert Lytell was not only charming, but always had something to say worth hearing, and a way of saying it that would make mathematics interesting. He is utterly devoid of theatrical affectation, and his voice is splendid—a combination of mirth and tenderness, with a sincerity that is refreshing.

Best of all—I know him personally to be never too busy to be himself, a gracious and chivalrous gentleman. (I saw him when he was busy.)

JOY O'HARA.

Fan Likes Jack Kerrigan's Natural Manner

Of course I knew that movie heroes were real people, but I had always had a sneaking suspicion that they didn't act quite naturally. It gave me the thrill of my life when I met Jack Kerrigan out west recently and found him amazingly human and real—curls and all. He shook my hand casually and though I tried to act as if I were used to meeting stars every day, I am sure he must have seen a flopping up and down in the spot where my heart lies.

He is great! Has a sort of humility in his manner that wins one's heart, and he was extremely attentive to everyone about him (including Lois Wilson). He certainly has wonderful hair.

I die happy—I have met Jack Kerrigan!

MISS V. V. V.

***Andree Anson* heads the monkey ballet in *Goldwyn's* picture, *"Red Lights,"* and it isn't her fault if she's not in practice.**

A Close-Up of Mary Pickford

I had the pleasure of seeing Mary Pickford a few years ago when she was helping sell Liberty Bonds for the government. I was only a few feet away from her so that I had a good chance to look at her closely.

Her golden hair was fixed becomingly and another outstanding quality was the wonderful texture of her voice. I have seen quite a number of lovely girls, but none so fair as Mary Pickford.

I can picture her as plainly today as I saw her then and I will never forget how beautiful she looked.

J. H.

Virginia Pearson in Person

I have had the good fortune to see only one screen star in person and that was Virginia Pearson. She was all that I could have expected. She appeared on the stage at Loew's Strand and the appeal she made to the public in behalf of movie actors and actresses was wonderful. I am sure after hearing that appeal all those who thought that the movie folk were all bad, surely had to change their opinions.

I only hope I will have the opportunity to see more of the movie stars in person as I certainly do enjoy seeing them on the screen.

F. A. M.

Hope Gives a Party for Red-Headed Girls

I was visiting some friends in Chicago when I met Hope Hampton. Hope gave a party for red-headed girls and I was one of the guests.

There were seventy-five of us at a special dinner at her hotel. Miss Hampton possesses a wonderful charm of manner and a great personality. Her personality draws one to her, while her smile seems to radiate all around. She is much prettier than any other actress I have ever seen.

As for expressing my love for her in words, why "it can't be done." I just have to hold my breath and think.

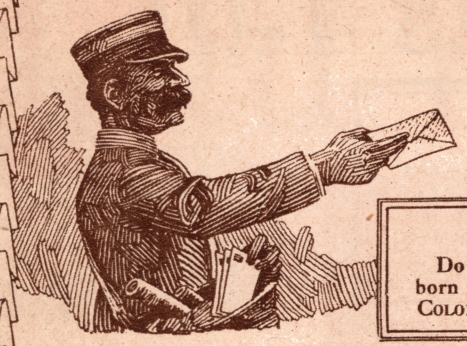
L. C.

Douglas Fairbanks in Action

During one of the great Liberty Loan Drives, I was privileged to see the sprightly Mr. Fairbanks at close range. He addressed an auditorium jammed to the doors, and for more than an hour held the tremendous audience spellbound while addressing it and writing subscriptions. He appeared from a pit under the stage, and leaped lightly to the high platform above him, which action brought forth thunderous applause from the house and caused the world-famous smile to broaden. Doug wore white flannels, a blue coat and a dark bow tie, and his face was deeply tanned and extremely ruddy-looking. He just couldn't keep in one position for more than a moment, but paced back and forth across the stage, emphasizing his remarks with vigorous motions of his hands, and in general, keeping his hearers in high good humor.

He offered to climb one of the steel girders which supported the roof, if someone would subscribe to a thousand dollar bond, but no one, apparently, cared to have him risk his neck. And at the close of his remarks, he was given a tremendous ovation, and everyone left the hall with the feeling that Doug's whirlwind visit had been well worth while.

ALBERT E. POISSON.



Convent Girl Likes Gareth Hughes

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply

PRETTY EYES—It's nice that you think so. No, I don't need a girl to act in comedies; in fact, if I had one I wouldn't know what to do with her. I never made a comedy in my life—or any other kind of picture. Ramon Novarro is twenty-two and is not married. Write him at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood, and he will probably send you his picture and might even answer your letter. Ramon is about five feet eight.

MISS BE SURE NOT TO COME—What sense does that make? Ramon's real name is Jose Ramon Sameniegos. His hobbies are music and dancing; before he went in movies, he was with the Mona Morgan dancers.

WE ARE SEVEN—Ah, ha, a bevy of beauties! Of course I don't think it's silly for convent girls to want to know about movie stars. I think it's very logical; isn't that your chief recreation? No, Gareth Hughes is not married; in fact, he's a little girl-shy. Rudolph Valentino is five feet nine. I'm sorry I don't know whether Wallace Reid ever appeared in person at your theatre in East St. Louis.

I. M. CRAZY—Tell the editor you'll crown him, you say, if he doesn't put a man's picture in the center of Movie Weekly. Well, as a matter of fact, a crown would be very becoming to the editor. Had you in mind sending him a jeweled one? If so, crown me instead. However, as you notice, there is a man's picture in the center of Movie Weekly every week now, and a girl's, too. No, Joseph Striker isn't married. His photograph has never been published in Movie Weekly. His latest picture is "A Woman in Chains."

SOURAPHIKSEVISKEY — Do you want my typewriter to go on strike, having to write a name like that? Joseph Striker is probably about twenty-five.

BROWN-EYED BLONDE—So you'll send me your photograph so I can tell whether you've got a movie face? How should I know? If I were that good a judge I'd get a job directing pictures at five hundred a week, instead of answering questions at—gosh, I almost told you how much they pay me. Bebe Daniels is twenty-one. Wanda Hawley keeps her age a secret. Constance Talmadge is twenty-three and Lillian Gish twenty-five.

RUTHIE—All you need to know, you say, to solve the riddle of my age, is the length of my whiskers. Well, they were so long I used them for a broom around the house, but recently I had them bobbed. Yes, Constance Talmadge made her hit in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance." Yes, George Beban has starred in pictures, usually in Italian roles. His most famous picture was "The Alien."

MILLIE—Heavens, you overwhelm me with all this involved religious discussion! In "The Voice From the Minaret," Eugene O'Brien played the role of a minister of the Church of England, the Episcopal church. He was not supposed to be taking any vows not to marry; but re-marriage of divorced persons is not permitted in the Episcopal church—all the more where a minister is concerned. Norma, in her role, would have had to be divorced from her husband before she was free to marry. The happy ending solved things by having the husband die.

GERTIE—If you think I look cheerful as a habit, you should see me on pay day. It's really a joy to have me around on such occasions, if I do say so myself. It would be great if Norma and Rudolph should make "Romeo and Juliet," but I have not heard that anything of the sort was contemplated. Yes, Alma Bennett is very attractive.

WILD WANDA—So you want me to tell you my name. Well, I'll tell you a little secret; my name is so long it would use up the whole page if I tried to publish it. Yes, Jane Novak is very pretty; she is about twenty-five.

SANDA—Yes, you are certainly considerate, not asking for a reply in next week's issue. Just for that, you're invited—special invitation an' everything—to write again, and as often as you please. Dorothy Dalton is twenty-nine; she has been married twice to Lew Cody.

SNUB—Does that refer to your nose, or the way you treat people? Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago. See answer above.

PATSY—Glad you think my answers are original. But, I assure you, I don't make them all up. Anita Stewart's husband is Rudolph Cameron. Tom Gallery has brown hair.

KATHERINE—That's a large order, asking me how many times Mabel Normand has been abroad. You can't expect me to keep track of all a movie star's little trips, can you?

"No," *Louise Fazenda* says to *Interviewer Ruth Roland*, "I don't believe there is a *Santy Claus*."

BABS—It's so good of you to hope that I received a lot of valentines; I didn't get so many that I had to hire a truck to take them home in. Bert Lytell's last name is pronounced with the accent on the "tell." Ralph Graves is in his late twenties. His wife, Marjorie Seaman, died about a month ago, when their little boy was born. Alma Rubens is not married. Walter Long was the villain in "Moran of the Lady Letty," and Wallace Beery in "Hurricane's Gal." Yes, Rene Adoree is a French name, pronounced "Ray-nay A-dor-ay," accent on second syllable.

BROWN - EYED TRIFLING GIRL—What do you trifle with, your ice cream? Ralph Graves' address is The Los Angeles Athletic Club, L. A. See Babs' answer. Thomas Meighan hasn't confided to me his intentions of visiting St. Louis, but that doesn't mean that he might not do so sometime.

PERRY WINKLE—So you've got it all figured out, by adding and subtracting from the length of my whiskers, that I'm forty-eight years old. Very clever of you, only it isn't correct. You shouldn't take those whiskers too seriously. Fritzi Ridgeway's address is Box 813, Laurel Canyon, Hollywood. Yes, "The Young Rajah" was Rudolph's last Paramount picture.

OH, I'M JUST WILD ABOUT RAMON—That sounds to me like a popular song. Ramon has played in "Omar the Tentmaker," "Prisoner of Zenda," "Trifling Women," and his latest picture, "Where the Pavement Ends." He is now working on "Scaramouche." Write him for his picture at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Perhaps he will send you one free. Charlie Chaplin lives at Beverly Hills, California.

ONE WHO KNOWS—How intriguing! What do you know? See answer just above for information about Ramon Novarro. Antonio Moreno's address is Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

GERTIE—Rudolph is traveling now, but his home is at 50 W. 67th St., New York. His picture appeared in Movie Weekly Art Series for March 4, 1922. You can always get a back copy of the magazine by sending ten cents to the address at the bottom of the editorial page. R. V. may send you his picture free.

S. A. G.—You bet I don't mind yellow paper; yellow is my favorite color; it always reminds me of the time when someone threw a lemon at me. You're not alone in your dislike of Rudolph Valentino; lots of girls have other tastes. Leatrice Joy's address is Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island; Thomas Meighan's is also. Conway Tearle is now working at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

MITZIE—A list of actresses about five feet six inches tall? Well, obviously, since you expect an answer in the magazine, you don't want a very long list. Here are some of them: Clara Kimball Young, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Helene Chadwick, Constance Talmadge, Katherine MacDonald, Jane Novak—of course I said "about" five feet six. Carol Dempster is the heroine of "One Exciting Night." Constance Binney is five feet two. Yes, it is true that Wanda and Burton Hawley have separated.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

UNDER the COOPER-HEWITTS with The CAMERAMAN

LIGHTS! . . . We hear. That "Spider" Young. The human fly. Who lost his life recently. While attempting to scale. The grim facade. Of the Hotel Martinique. Had engaged in this perilous business. Just to exploit a motion picture. The character of which, ironically. Was comic. How much more ironical was the fact. That the cameraman. Who was "grinding" the slow ascent of "Spider" Young. Up the grim facade of the Martinique. With sheer and awful space beneath him. Should have paused when "Spider" Young paused. To change his film. Thereby missing. That fatal slip and fall. How much more ironical!

THE PAPERS REPORT. That silken, scented Paris has revolted. At the absence of clothes. Upon the darlings of the music halls. And that henceforth. The pretty coryphees. Who pirouette in public. Must be properly attired. If they are not to invoke. The censure of the police. Which makes us think. Of a tale a man once told us. Of a certain cafe in Paris. Where, curiously enough. Up until twelve o'clock. At night. You might care to take your grandmother. But after twelve o'clock. You'd want to take your grandmother away. We wonder. If the new order. Will change all this.

REX INGRAM. The able young director. Who succeeded in making his name memorable. When he directed "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Recently declared to an interviewer. That with some of his work he was sympathetic. While with others he was not. Going so far as to say. That "Turn to the Right." That modern classic of comedy drama. Was something with which he was not *en rapport*. In fact, Mr. Ingram declared. I hated "Turn to the Right." To which we can only say. That although we loved "Turn to the Right" as a stage play. As a picture, Mr. Ingram. We hated it, too.

THE OTHER NIGHT. We went to the theatre. To see "The Guilty One." The new play. Which brings Pauline Frederick back. To the spoken drama. And directly in front of us. Sat the editor. Of one of the largest motion picture magazines. Who, like us. Had come to enjoy himself. The play went on. And we won't say how it made us feel. But we will say we laughed for the first time. When at the end of the first act. The editor in front of us rose. And turning, remarked. So that all around could hear: "I'm going over to the Columbia. Where the lines are better.

OUT IN MASSACHUSETTS. According to the papers. A small boy conceived a dislike. For a certain movie star. A lady, by the way. And in giving rein to his disfavor. Applied a match to the movie theatre. In which the young lady was appearing. In a serial picture. He was sentenced, it seems. To an institution of correction. For juvenile delinquents. But before passing judgment. On such extraordinary childish criminality. And condemning it. Without quarter. We shall have to know. Who the star was. This small boy may have been. Misunderstood.

JAMES KIRKWOOD. Has left the cast of "The Fool." And departed for Culver City. Where he has begun work on a new picture. For Goldwyn. They say that Mr. Kirkwood's salary. Is of such dimensions. That a greyhound couldn't leap over. And so far as that goes, we think. He deserves it. For like it or not. It is our honest opinion. That James Kirkwood. Is the best adult male actor. On the screen. We say adult. Because that does not include Jackie Coogan. Who is our favorite.

THE OTHER DAY. We had tea at the Ritz. With Hedda Hopper. The well-known screen star. Than whom. There is no more entertaining companion. At least, that we have found. On earth. And Mrs. Hopper told us. Of her trip abroad. And of many extraordinary things she witnessed. In Paris. It was very interesting. Tea at the Ritz. Which makes us think. Of Savoy and Brennan. And of their droll exchange. Of pleasant flippancies. One must have money, Brennan would say. To go to the Ritz. At which Savoy would answer. Yes. And two must have baggage.

THE FOLLIES GIRLS. So we are told. Have turned in some interesting statements. In their income tax reports. Including other sources of income. Than those derived. From Mr. Ziegfeld. Most of the girls. In explaining the source of their increased earnings. Gave as the reason. Fortunate investments in the stock market. Which yielded in one particular instance. As much as $16,000 additional. Well! We wish we. Were a "Follies" girl. And could play the market. With such unerring accuracy. When we invest. We always lose. Is it because. We are a poor guesser? Or because. We don't leave our place of business. By the stage door?

BETTY COMPSON. Advises screen-struck girls. To stay away from Hollywood. Issuing a sort of blanket warning. To all those with screen ambitions. Deploring the chances for success. Against the certainty of failure. In such doleful measure. That we wonder. Who will play the ingenues when Miss Compson. Is playing grandes dames. And while we are about it. If such counsel were to be heeded. Where, pray, would the new talent come from? Would it not work as great a hardship in other professions? Are there not a thousand starving lawyers. And impecunious doctors. To one Elihu Root. Or John Frederick Erdmann?

RUDOLPH VALENTINO. It is reported. Is coming to New York in June. Returning from his transcontinental dancing tour. To appear in Roseland. The Home of Refined Dancing. We are pleased to learn that Rudolph Valentino is still a favorite with the public. To the tune of several thousand a week. But we think it a shame. And a burning shame. That the romantic idealization of all that woman desires of man. And the most tremendous personality the screen possesses. Should be barred from the movies. We think the screen needs Valentino.

PRESIDENT HARDING. Who is away on a vacation in Florida. The land in winter. Where all New Yorkers wish they were. Has expressed the wish. According to an advertisement. To see "Grumpy." The Paramount photoplay. Yes, sir! Not contented with the blue water and the white sand of Ponce de Leon's hunting ground. The President expressed the desire, according to an advertisement. To see a motion picture. Well! When we are away on our vacation. In the Canada woods. This summer. We are not going to express a desire. To see a motion picture. No, sir. Not matter what advertiser's heart. It breaks.

Anna Q. Nilsson Marries Business Man

By Cora Blashfield

Beautiful Anna Q. Nilsson is married.

No, she didn't marry into the profession. She married a business man of Los Angeles. His name is John M. Gunnerson, and he is a member of a shoe firm.

The match is a love match, and the wedding occurred after a year's courtship. The ceremony took place on Friday, so it doesn't appear that the two are superstitious.

Miss Nilsson is famous in pictures, Mr. Gunnerson is a successful business man. They have a beautiful home, which Gunnerson has built for his bride, on Argyle Street, in Hollywood.

The actress is not to give up her screen work. "I have worked a long time for my success," said Mrs. Gunnerson, "and both my husband and myself feel that it would hardly be doing justice to myself to give up my career after all my long efforts for success. But I love my home best of all, and I hope to be able to be just as good a wife as though I stayed at home and darned my husband's socks every day.

"Mr. Gunnerson is just as happy over my success and just as ambitious for my success as I am myself. Both of us, fortunately, believe in women's doing what they wish to do so far as life work is concerned. The woman who has never known deep love will never be a fine actress. I know my work is far from perfect, but I believe the deeper experiences of life will mean a great deal to me."

Miss Nilsson's marriage came as a surprise to all her friends. Married formerly, the first venture did not turn out happily. Miss Nilsson has been separated from her husband for two or three years. She declared herself through with marriage.

Then came her divorce, a year or more ago.

It was at about that time that the actress met Mr. Gunnerson. They met at a dance, and at once struck up a friendship. Mr. Gunnerson declares his romance began long before that, however.

In fact, it was three years ago, when he saw her in a picture, that he decided Miss Nilsson was the loveliest woman in the world, and that he would like to marry her. He found out that she was married, however, so he gave up the idea.

But when he was introduced to her at a party a year ago, a real romance sprung up. From that time on, they began going about together. They found that their tastes were mutual. Miss Nilsson loves to dance and to go to shows and to ride horseback, motor and play golf, and she found Mr. Gunnerson an expert athlete.

Long rides, drives and games of golf were the result.

Miss Nilsson's feeling against marriage gave way, in the light of new-found happiness and congenial companionship. Her "yes" was obtained by Gunnerson several months ago, and he began at once building a handsome home for her.

Besides their outdoor life, both are fond of books. A big library containing the classics is a feature of their beautiful home.

"We like to dance and go to theatres, but I think we shall spend most of our spare time at home," said Miss Nilsson.

At present Miss Nilsson and her husband are spending a short honeymoon, motoring up and down the highways of California, and playing golf.

Miss Nilsson began her career as an artist's model, back in New York. She was visiting this country, following her graduation from school in Sweden, where her father was a business man, when an artist in New York saw her, and asked to paint her portrait. She complied. After which her career was assured.

The Tiger's Claw

(Continued from page 22)

shippers of Thugeeism will rid their native land of the whites."

"Their works, too, must be destroyed," said Raj Singh. "We must start first with this man Sandell, who is building the dam. He is a menace to our land."

"If you will be of help, Raj Singh, everything will be accomplished. When the time is ripe, you with your European manners, will bring the whites to the valley and our religious brothers will make an end to them. Will you do that?"

Sandell packed his grip, mounted his horse and rode to Bhangapur. It was quite a contrast to the wild region he had come from. Here everything resembled European civilization. Sandell discarded his old soiled clothing and dressed up as he would if he were back in England. He wanted to get the conference over with, so he could return to his work, but Col. Byng insisted that he remain a while, at least for the dance which was to take place.

Towards evening, Sandell went back to his room to dress for the occasion. He put on his tuxedo and all the paraphernalia attached thereto. This was the first time he had worn it in over three years. It felt good to be dressed up again. It made a man feel as if he were still a real human being, but there were unpleasant memories attached to this suit. For the moment he felt sorry that he had put it on, but convention demanded it and he meekly submitted.

"I am your wife," said *Chameli*, "and my place is at your side."

"Sathoo Ram, you can depend upon me as upon yourself. Gladly will I bring the whites to you."

THE FOLLOWING day, while at work on the dam, Sandell received a message to report at once for a conference at Bhangapur. He explained the situation to his native foreman and gave him instructions as to what work should be done during his absence. He then went back to the boat house to pack his grip.

"I am very sorry, Chameli," he answered her questioning look, "but I've got to go to Bhangapur for a big talk."

"You will take me?"

"No, this is not a social affair. This is a business matter."

"But I am told that there are many whites there, especially pretty white ladies."

"White ladies," he sneered. "I don't care if I never see another white lady again."

Chameli rewarded him with a kiss for this pretty speech.

"I will go to my mother's," she said, "and stay there until you return."

"Ah, there you are," exclaimed Col. Byng upon seeing Sandell. 'I daresay you look like one of us now. If you have no objection, I believe now is as good a time as any to discuss matters. Let us go to the smoking room. Mr. Halehurst is there waiting for us."

"Mr. Halehurst?" Sandell asked in surprise.

"Yes, he owns the company now. Do you know him?'

"I knew someone by that name, but I hope this is not the one."

After being introduced, they all sat around the table, and between the whisky and soda and cigars, they discussed the matter of the dam.

"Let us come straight to the point," Col. Byng suggested. We have heard rumors that the Thugees are at work again and we must be careful. They are very destructive."

Yes," put in Halehurst. In two minutes they may destroy what is taking us years to build."

"Tell us, Sandell, do you think we have anything to fear?" asked the Colonel.

"Not much," replied Sandell. "The natives whom I have employed are faithful and I am sure they would protect the dam with their very lives."

"That sounds encouraging," Halehurst remarked.

They discussed several other matters and then the conference broke up. They all went to the ballroom.

Sandell stood leaning against a pillar, watching the dancers. There was a sardonic smile on his face.

"Halehurst," he repeated the name to himself. "I wonder can he be her father?"

A pretty blonde girl with sparkling blue eyes and a little rosebud of a mouth noticed him standing there. Mischievously she crept up from behind him, took hold of his arm and rested her cheek against it. Sandell turned his head slowly to see who was taking such liberties.

"Harriet," he exclaimed, as he gazed into those deep blue eyes.

"Yes, Sam. It is I, Harriet Halehurst, at your service," and she made a little curtsy.

He looked at her for a moment. He felt like taking her into his arms and crushing her, but there flashed through his mind that scene which had occurred three years previous. Without a word of apology, he walked away from her.

IT WAS quite a shock to Harriet to be left alone in that manner. She had not expected such humiliation. She bit her lower lip in anger. There was determination in her eyes as she followed him. He sat down upon a settee and she sat down beside him. She put her hand on his arm and he shook it off.

"Sam, do you really dislike me so much?" she asked. "Heaven knows I've been punished enough for what I did to you. I was so young and foolish then. I did not realize what I was doing. But you're a great big man, Sam. Won't you please forgive me? I came to India for but one reason. To tell you that I love you and to tell you how sorry I am for what I have done."

He could hardly resist the appeal in her sweet voice. After all, he did love his girl. He always had and always would. He took hold of her hands.

"Do you really love me, Harriet?"

For reply, she rested her head against his shoulder. He put his arms around her and held her close to him for a moment. Then he released her and his head sank down as he muttered.

"Thank God for that, but it is just one week too late."

"Why, Sam?"

"I am married, Harriet." He said it like a man who has lost all hope.

It hit her like a cruel blow.

"Married!" she said, and there was a world of heartache in that one word. Tears came to her eyes, but she hastily brushed them aside. "She must be a wonderful girl, Sam, to get you. Is she pretty?"

"Yes," he replied faintly, "in her way. I'd rather not talk about her, please."

There was an awkward silence.

"Would you mind bringing me an ice, Sam?" Harriet asked, in order to save him from further embarrassment.

It was with a sigh of relief that he arose to do her bidding. He felt somewhat better when he brought back the ices and sat down beside her. They talked of various impersonal matters, when suddenly, they heard a voice from behind them, saying in bitter tones:

"So that is what you meant by the big talk!"

Sandell turned around and was greatly surprised to see Chameli standing there. She had probably been watching the two for sometime.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded of her.

She ignored his question.

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"So this is why you came to Bhangapur," she continued. "To talk to white girls, while I, your wife, must stay at home. Oh, those shameless white girls who will talk to other women's husbands."

"Chameli, be careful of what you say!"

"I will say what I wish. Sathoo Ram and Raj Singh were right. They told me the reason for your coming here and it is they who brought me here. I am your wife and my place is at your side. I shall remain here with you. And no white woman shall have you."

A number of the dancers had already stopped to listen. Sandell could notice a look of pity in their eyes. They felt sorry for him. In truth, he felt sorry for himself, too. But that would never do. He was a gentleman. He must put up a bold front. He gave his arm to Chameli and led her around the ballroom, introducing her to all the guests.

Harriet felt sorry for herself, and even more so for Sandell. A man of his character to be tied to such a woman. No doubt he had married her in a moment of madness. She took particular pains in being nice to Chameli and before they left for the evening, she invited her to a whist party which was to be held the next day.

Chameli didn't care for the whist, but Sandell persuaded her to go. Harriet did everything in her power to make things comfortable for Sandell's half-caste wife.

The card party went along very smoothly, when suddenly one of the ladies threw her cards down upon the table and indignantly exclaimed, "She cheated! I won't play with her. It's the native in her that will always come to the front. They are nothing but cheats, despicable cheats."

Chameli turned crimson at this false accusation. She deliberately threw her cards into the face of her accuser. Harriet tried to establish peace, but it was of no avail. In a fury of anger, Chameli left the house.

She told Sandell that the thing was done with the deliberate intention of disgracing and humiliating her. And that Harriet was the perpetrator of this outrage.

Sandell gritted his teeth in anger. 'Tis true she was a half-caste, but she was his wife. It was an insult to him as well.

"Chameli, we shall leave this place at once."

BACK in the wilds, Chameli determined that the white girl should never have Sandell. He would be hers, no matter what the cost. However, she feared the presence of the white girl and so she applied to Sathoo Ram for help. He, with his magical powers, would surely be able to assist her.

Sathoo Ram fixed up a little drug which was to be placed in the sweets which Sandell liked so much. Sandell ate only one of those delicacies, but the drug soon showed its effect. He became drowsy and lazy, weaker and weaker. The drug fairly sapped the strength from his body. He neglected the work on the dam and spent most of the day sleeping. Even though her husband was becoming a hopeless wreck, Chameli was contented, for now she had him with her all day long. She had full faith in Sathoo's magic, and felt confident that the white girl would not be able to take him away from her now.

In the meanwhile Sathoo Ram and Raj Singh conspired for the destruction of the dam and the murdering of the whites. With Sandell helplessly drugged, they were able to do their work unmolested.

"I have great news for you," Raj Singh said to the Thugee chief. "Henry Halehurst, the man who owns this great work and his daughter and Col. Byng are coming here."

"They are rich?" Sathoo inquired.

"Fabulously," Raj Singh replied, "and they carry great wealth with them."

"Good. We will hold off the destruction of the dam until they come. You shall invite them to the feast. Our brothers will rob them and throw them into the graves prepared for them."

"But Sandell? What will be done with Sandell?" Raj Singh anxiously inquired.

"He, too, shall die. It is I, Sathoo Ram, who swear it. At a given signal the dam will be destroyed by the dynamite which we are placing underneath it."

"Sathoo Ram, you have done fine work," Raj Singh declared. "I will give the signal for destroying the dam. It will be a pistol shot."

(*Continued next week*)

You Are Dragging Hell to the Movies, Sir!

(*Continued from page* 5)

some things that simply cannot be talked about, and besides, the hiring of a thousand extras to play the wives and concubines would be too expensive. And besides again, would Director Straton permit such an abomination unto the Lord as the Queen of Sheba to play in his studio? I'm afraid that Betty Blythe would not get this engagement. No, strike that out, too.

Without mentioning some of the colorful episodes in First and Second Kings and First and Second Chronicles, which must make the good Doctor blush to read, and which he would surely not have photographed, let us come to the beautiful love story of Esther. Wouldn't Doctor Straton regard the king's original method of selecting a wife as demoralizing to our young men? He certainly would. So that comes out in a hurry.

THE REVELS of Babylon and Nineveh would certainly be open to the same objections which Doctor Straton raises against the revels of New York and Chicago. So it would not be right to screen the handwriting on the wall. It simply could not be done. Not and please Doctor Straton.

And then we come to the New Testament.

What would Director Straton do about the virgin birth? Down in Pennsylvania, the censors refuse to admit that there is such a thing as birth. Babies are simply not born in Pennsylvania. There is the historic example of what they did to "Way Down East." In the story, Annie had a baby. Annie was not married, but she had a baby. Later the baby died. The censors cut out all scenes incident to the baby's birth. But they let the baby die. And so the Pennsylvania movie fans beheld the extraordinary spectacle of the death of a baby that had never been born. Now Jesus was undoubtedly born. And a good deal of emphasis has been placed on his birth, especially as regards its miraculous nature.

By this very fact, the virgin birth of Christ has become one of the doctrines of Christianity, which its devotees must accept. How could such a doctrine be propounded on the screen? Such a thing would be impossible. The Pennsylvania censors would not stand for it. So Jesus could not be born in the manger in the movies. Down in Pennsylvania they don't even permit the exhibition of scenes in which the prospective mother is shown sewing baby clothes for an expected arrival.

And now stop and think just what this means. The Holy Bible commands the respect of the world. The Reverend Doctor John Roach Straton would defend it with his life. So much of martyrdom we would willingly credit him. Yet he himself could not, if he were consistent in his views on censorship, screen the very things for which he would give his life. He would have to cut it all out.

Now the question comes down to this:

Who is right, the Bible, or the Reverend Doctor John Roach Straton? If a thing can be printed in the Bible, why can it not be depicted upon the screen? And why isn't this reverend and pious man of God willing to believe that there are men living today whose passion is the truth, whose purpose and faith are fine and clean, who want to build and not destroy? The effectiveness of Christ's parables on the mild green hills of Judea can now be intensified—if the Stratons do not bar the way—by the miracle of the motion picture. The voice of Jesus resounded and re-echoed through the known world of his distant day. But in nineteen centuries the map has widened and grown.

Men's hearts beat and their pulses throb and their passions rise and their emotions ebb and flow in the jungles of Africa, across the wild wastes of Siberia, in the narrow streets of Rome, across the prairies of America, far up in Iceland, way down in Dixie. Everywhere on land and sea there are minds and hearts waiting to be ennobled and uplifted by a dream. A dream of what? Of hope retouched and rekindled. Of faith awakened again, courage reborn, belief in a hereafter restored.

And how is that to be done, good Doctor? Do you think it is to be accomplished by putting upon the screen the picture of Daniel in the lion's den, of Naaman washing his leprous sores in the waters of the Jordan? Have you never thought, sir, that the stories which Jesus told, and which turned the hearts of the mob that pursued him, were stories of the day, of that time, of the very place and hour where he stood and spoke?

THE PARABLES of Jesus were not set in the days of Abraham. They were of his own time. His stories were about his own people, living their lives. Why is your faith failing, sir? Why are your pews empty and your coffers agape? Is it not because you have forgotten *today?* You are afraid to permit upon the screen the truth about today, the truth that is so horrible because you and your brethren have failed to do your task.

You have not been big enough to merit the responsibilities which you took unto yourselves, and now you dare not face the truth. As he stood upon the Mount, Jesus accused the Scribes, the Saducees and the Pharisees. His cry was against the hypocrisy and the evil that flooded around him like a whirlpool. In nineteen hundred years the whirlpool has not diminished, but has grown. But now you would hide it. You are afraid for the world to see life as it is today.

When you say that the movies are dragging the world to hell, I must disagree with you. I believe, sir, that you are dragging hell to the movies. And I believe that if men with your courage and your ability could see the infinite possibilities of the moving picture screen, that they are of and in themselves a new Mount waiting for the new Messiah and his sermon, the world would stumble and stagger one step nearer that goal which I feel sure we both seek.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of MOVIE WEEKLY, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1923.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared David A. Balch, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the MOVIE WEEKLY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Editor, DAVID A. BALCH, 21 Elm Place, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owners are: Owners, MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadwayy, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders, MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Stockholder in Macfadden Publications, Inc., BERNARR MACFADDEN, 527 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.

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(Signed) DAVID A. BALCH,
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Sworn to and subscribed before me
this 28th day of March, 1923.

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(My commission expires March 30, 1924.)

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Have You a Screen Personality?

(*Continued from page* 13)

the first picture and Monte Blue in the second. Both these men are naturally reserved and inclined to hold themselves a bit aloof. In this way, the contrast between heroine and hero was delightful.

Florence Vidor, who plays Carol Kennicott in "Main Street," might be termed the intellectual, dignified type. One could not imagine her running around the set with curls down her back and we render her our thanks for the fact that she always lives up to her own personality—it is so thoroughly charming.

I could go on citing personalities for pages more, but I think the foregoing examples are sufficient to illustrate my points. In posing before the camera one should forget it utterly, remembering instead that to be true to oneself is as important in playing a role for the screen as it is in the drama of life.

Ancient Vamps Superior to Modern Variety

(*Continued from page* 9)

This Miss Pearson tried to impress upon me as we continued our chat.

"I shall be glad to get back into the movies. The movies make you work harder than the stage, and you have to get up at unreasonable hours and sometimes you have to fall over precipices or lie in the mud while the rain is beating down upon you.

"But even so, you don't have to travel constantly as you do in vaudeville, and you don't have to stop at bad hotels and eat bad food. The fans on the road were very good to me. They were warm-hearted and kind. But in New York or Los Angeles, I will have a home of my own and time to read, and rest, and live with my friends and my husband."

Not a very pretty speech from a lady who is supposed to be a vamp, but that's what Virginia Pearson said.

And she meant it. Of that I have no doubt, for just then Mr. Lewis appeared in the room, and she kissed him and smiled happily at him as if vamping were the last of all things in her mind.

People Who Worship the Movie Star

(*Continued from page* 19)

he said, and added that he did not believe that he himself would ever marry.

"He always," Miss Stewart explained, "follows my pictures carefully when they are in New York, where he lives. He not only goes to see them and writes me frankly concerning them, as to whether he thinks them good or bad, and what improvement he sees in my work and what faults, but he also goes to the exhibitors and asks them what they think of the pictures. Then he writes me their exact answers. I feel that he is a very wonderful friend."

Bebe Daniels has had as a correspondent, for a long time, a young girl. The girl is dead now. She used to write Bebe that the star was her ideal in every way—that she copied Bebe's clothes and mannerisms, and that she believed that Bebe was an ideal character in every way. The last letter she wrote Bebe, she told of a love affair and asked Bebe's advice. She also asked Bebe for her picture. But before Bebe could answer, came a letter from the girl's sister, saying that the girl had been killed in an accident. "But I do wish," she wrote, "that you would comply with my sister's last request, and send us your picture. She admired you very much, and I want to put it with her things to keep."

Bebe wept as she did up the photograph and wrote the address of the young girl for the last time.

AN ARDENT admirer of Mary Philbin is a middle-aged literary man of Iowa. He writes Mary the most beautiful letters, of such fine literary quality that she means one day, with the writer's permission, to print them. He is a wanderer, sometimes writing from his farm, sometimes from Des Moines, and his letters are full of gay little jokes, whimsical fancies, and sound advice. He has never written her a real love letter, but as Mary hears from him at least once a week, and as he evidently admires her tremendously, it is likely that he cherishes a secret passion for her. He occasionally sends her odd little gifts, the oddest of which is one recently received, being nothing less than a typewritten copy, done with various colored typewriter ribbons, on thin paper, of Edwin Arnold's "The Voyage of Isabel." He did the work himself, he says.

For five years Bert Lytell has been corresponding with an old couple of Boston who declare that Bert is the living image of their dead son. They write such simple, homely, sincere letters that Bert feels a deeply genuine friendship for them. They wrote that they were coming to New York when Bert was there, but never appeared.

Richard Dix has, as one of his most ardent fan friends, a widowed mother of a boy killed in the late war. She claims that Dix greatly resembles her boy, and his letters are a great comfort to her. She began writing Dix about three years ago, and the two have corresponded ever since.

What Does Nita Naldi's Face Reveal?

(*Continued from page* 18)

make her so very much the vampire of the present. Movie audiences have been trained to be exacting, and they are insatiable for reality in the types they pay to see.

But underneath Miss Naldi's generous humor, there is a fine recklessness, a willingness to follow whatever she believes without the slightest hesitation because of what others might say or think. She has courage here, and impulsiveness.

Her mouth is singularly frank and outspoken; she is capable of great sacrifices; but her life is at the mercy of circumstance. Whether in time this former chorus girl will realize her potentialities to the full as a great emotional actress, or whether some rash or ill-considered purpose may plunge her into obscurity again is not in her hands, but in the fates which gave her her character and her face.

My own opinion is, by deduction that the humor and naturally likable qualities her features show, will lead her to the former eminence.

"The better I get, the worse I look," says Lon Chaney

(*Continued from page* 21)

Phillips, under direction of Allen Holubar, and with poor old Billy Stowell, who was killed in an accident down in South Africa, you remember. I remember they used to call us the 'Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance'—names of ball players—'of picturedom.'

"Jeanie MacPherson, to get back to the beginning, liked my work so well that she wrote a story around me, with my character that of a hunchback. That was the time when there was planted in my heart the desire to play 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame.'"

"Do you ever desire to play a straight hero?" I asked.

"And have my hair slicked back, and my face massaged every day? I should say not!" said Lon. "Characters for me! But I'll tell you something. I do want to become a *director* and producer some day!"

Are Movie Actors Artists or Accidents?

(*Continued from page* 3)

always pays to advertise . . . so there you are!

"Whether these occasional products of clever exploitation last or not, only time can tell.

"There are some artists among us, of course. I am really only theorizing."

"Well," we said, "you have answered our question, none the less. Still, we must admit that we had never thought of movie actors as brands of soap or synthetic soup."

We had crossed the bridge and at this juncture David stopped the taxi we were in, hailed another for us, and we jumped lightly as a young gazelle from running board to running board. "Funny way for an interview, isn't it?" called David, and then, as we were taxily separating, he shouted back, "Better come and have dinner with me tomorrow night, when I have leisure to collect my thoughts!" And but for the exigencies of the press, we would have done so!

We are not prone to cinema compliments. We feel that they get a-plenty. But we must go on record as placing David definitely in the artist division. We cannot bear to think of him among the soaps and soups.

All in favor of this decision please stand!

The Girl Who Came Back

(*Continued from page 24*)

He strode toward the door, as if America was just around the corner. She seemed to be losing him, he was escaping from her. She took a step toward him, and as he crossed the threshold she ran.

"I'll go . . . I'll go!" she cried hysterically. He caught her, held her again in his arms.

They left Africa two weeks later on the steam ship *Illania*. Half an hour after the gangway was pulled up and the steamship was scurrying out of the bay and into the ocean, a man handed a cablegram to a girl in the Cape Town cable office:

"Pigeons fly home, steamship Illania."

The girl read the message. "Twelve shillings, please," she requested. He paid her and went his way.

THE FOLLOWING spring, in a country house they had rented, deep in Long Island, Sheila and her husband sat on a porch which overlooked a pine wood and the sea. A terrace spread downward to the woods. Beneath was an abrupt drop to the wave-washed beach.

Sheila was more radiant than ever. Peace and contentment had been her two dearest possessions since her return to the land of her birth.

"Well, we shan't be here much longer," Norries remarked, pulling at his cigar. "A few more weeks and we can go back. My work here is nearly finished."

As he spoke, Norries straightened his back, stood erect, as if he were freed of a burden. Sheila smiled, a word of happy thankfulness was on her lips as a servant approached and interrupted her.

"A gentleman from South Africa, ma'am," the girl announced. "He says he's an old acquaintance."

Sheila was puzzled, but she smiled.

"Do you want to come along?" she asked Norries.

"No," he excused himself and stretched lazily in a wicker chair. "I think I'll finish my cigar first. If he wants to meet me, I'll come, though."

The man was waiting for her at the other side of the porch where a screen door gave entrance to the house. Sheila looked at him sharply as she approached, but could not recognize him.

"You asked for me?" she said.

"Yes . . . don't you remember me?"

She shook her head.

"Perhaps you will recall," he said suavely, "a certain visitor's day at Sing Sing . . . Perhaps you will also recall . . ."

Sheila was shaken to the depths of her being. Her hand flew to her wildly beating heart. But she controlled herself and faced her visitor.

"Oh, no," she replied quickly. "I don't recall anything of the sort. You must be mistaken."

He smiled and shook his head.

"Not at all. In fact, I can identify myself only too easily, madame. My agents abroad have not been idle."

From his pocket he drew a card, which he handed to her. "This proves my identity as an official of the trust company whose funds . . . He lifted his hands expressively, as if to infer that she knew what had become of the money. But Sheila was on guard. The card dropped from her fingers, but she was not afraid. Rather, she was defiant, for she lifted her head, and boldly told him that he didn't know what he was talking about.

"You are mistaken," she repeated. "Your insinuations are as absurd as they are insulting."

SHE TURNED, as if to quit him, but he leaped to her side and seized her arm.

"None of that, now!" he said curtly. "I know what I am talking about. And I don't intend to be lenient if you are stubborn. Those funds must be returned to me."

"Whom do you think you're talking to?" she retorted. She wrested herself away and faced him. "Will you go?" she added. "Or shall I ask my husband to throw you out?"

She started away, as if to call Norries. But he confronted her, and with unruffled suavity he smiled again.

"Your husband?" he asked. "If you want to call . . . your husband . . . permit me to help you."

He returned to the screen door, opened it and called toward the terrace:

"I say there!" he cried. "Come here!"

Sheila stared at him as he threw open the door. A man was coming up the terrace, drawing nearer with each step. Sheila's amazed eyes noticed something familiar about the man, his walk, the way he swung his arms. As he reached the steps she recognized him and her hand flew to her lips to suppress the cry which burst from them. The man was Ray—Ray Underhill—her husband, whom she thought was dead!

(*Continued next week*)

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page 15*)

apparently made in London, for the famous London fog has even found its way into the interior scenes made in a studio.

The settings cost at least $18.98. Most of the furniture looks as though it had been rescued from a junk shop.

The sub-titles were apparently written by Daisy Ashford.

After you gaze on the Russian dancers who appear in this film, you wonder no longer why the history of Russia contains such names as Ivan the Terrible. If Russia considers such fat specimens of feminine senility as representative dancers, it is no wonder they have turned to Lenine and Trotsky for amusement. They are undoubtedly the original cause for Ivan's going bad.

Even the projection machine rebelled when we saw this picture screened. We don't blame it.

Film Flashes

"Leading men," said Mary Pickford recently, "are the rarest thing in the moving picture world. A leading man must have so many qualities to recommend him to the favor of the public. He must be rugged and virile, yet handsome, at the same time, and he must be talented, yet not egotistical, as well as brave, though not foolish." This does indeed seem to be a large order to fill, but Mary thinks she has found it in George Walsh, who will play opposite "America's Sweetheart" in her next picture, which rumor tells us will be "Rosita," a celebrated Spanish tale.

Douglas Fairbanks is writing a pirate story. Doug has become so tired of looking for the right sort of vehicle in which to test his histrionic powers as a buccaneer, that he has decided to write one himself. No hint as yet has been given of the exact nature of the story, but it is surmised that it will be laid on the Spanish Main in the days of Captain Kidd, when men were made to walk the plank, and gold was buried on convenient sandbars. Whether Doug will be a good pirate or a bad pirate is not known, but it is barely possible that he may call it "The Good, Bad Pirate," in which case both ends will be achieved.

After all, Priscilla Dean is not to play "A Lady of Quality" for Universal. Instead, Virginia Valli is to play the leading role, with Hobart Henley directing.

Just what is behind the change isn't known. Certainly Miss Dean cannot object to playing so clean a role as this, though a few weeks ago she threatened suit against Universal for making her play roles, as she said, which were immoral.

Miss Valli has been steadily climbing into public favor, and perhaps, also, Universal considers Miss Valli typically suited to the role.

In any event Miss Dean is to have some excellent stories, according to the present outlook, and this is as it should be, inasmuch as she still retains supremacy as Universal's most popular star.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

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THOUSANDS of men and women who once suffered the humiliations of gray, faded, streaky hair—now possess beautiful youthful-looking hair, without the slightest suggestion of grayness or streakiness. They look years younger for the gray has entirely vanished and their hair has acquired once again the same natural, even, uniform tone that it was in their youth.

These men and women were saved from the tragedy of gray hair by a marvelous new invention—an invention which not only helps bring back the natural color to gray hair, but which for the first time, provides a means of restoring gray hair *without the least danger of streaking or discoloring it!*

This new discovery is now in the form of a comb. You use it exactly as you would any ordinary comb—just run it through the hair. But as you do, note from day to day how the gray begins to disappear—how the hair gradually takes on a wonderfully even tone, with every hair exactly the *same natural and true color* that it was years ago.

New Scientific Principle

The old way of restoring gray hair was by dipping an ordinary comb in a liquid restorer, and applying it to the hair. But this method had a serious disadvantage, as you no doubt know—it often left the hair streaky.

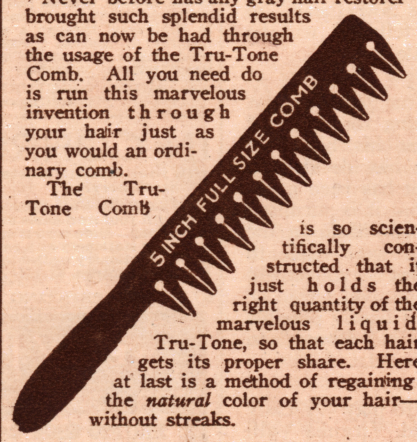
That was because the teeth of an ordinary comb held only a small quantity of the liquid. You had to dip the comb in the liquid frequently, and this meant an *unequal distribution* of the liquid on the hair. Naturally this method almost always left the hair streaky, and surely nothing will more quickly spoil one's whole appearance than discolored, freakish-looking hair.

But how different is this remarkable new invention, called the Tru-Tone Comb. It completely eliminates even the *slightest chance* of streaking the hair. For it is constructed on certain scientific principles which permit the comb to hold just exactly the right amount of the wonderful liquid Tru-Tone. So that as you comb your gray hair with the Tru-Tone Comb, every hair is given a uniform and scientifically correct quantity of the marvelous liquid Tru-Tone.

How It Works

Never before has any gray hair restorer brought such splendid results as can now be had through the usage of the Tru-Tone Comb. All you need do is run this marvelous invention through your hair just as you would an ordinary comb.

The Tru-Tone Comb



is so scientifically constructed that it just holds the right quantity of the marvelous liquid, Tru-Tone, so that each hair gets its proper share. Here at last is a method of regaining the *natural* color of your hair—without streaks.

Tru-Tone is a clear, colorless liquid which already has been used by thousands of men and women with splendid results. Tru-Tone should in no way be confused with ordinary hair dyes or stains. It is entirely different, for it actually *repigmentizes* gray hair. No other restorer is like it—*no other can be like it!*

Note the Splendid Results!

As you draw this remarkable comb through your hair, each hair is given an equal share of Tru-Tone. There is no danger of applying too much or too little. Each and every hair gets exactly the right quantity—and the result is beautiful hair, possessing the same even color of youth.

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No matter how long you have been gray—no matter how many other methods have failed to restore the color to your hair—the marvelous Tru-Tone outfit is positively guaranteed to restore every hair to its original color without streaks—without bother—without the slightest inconvenience on your part. A special deposit of $10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs up this guarantee, so you risk nothing. If the Tru-Tone outfit does not more than delight you, simply return it and your money will be instantly refunded, without question.

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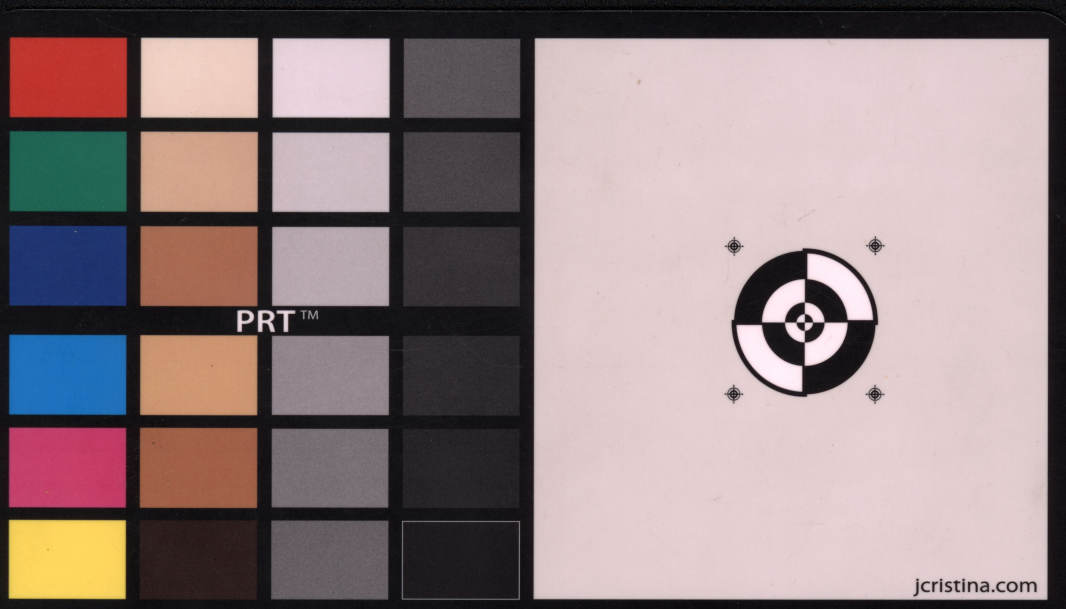
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